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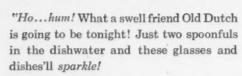
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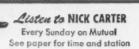
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from women and war

BOUT sixty issues of Chatelaine have appeared since I left for Ottawa. That absence has taught me many things.

I have found, for instance, a new pride in Chatelaine and its potentialities. Involved as I have been in a war program, it was evident to me that the magazine moved always in the tempo of the times. Travelling through the provinces, I found that the activities, interests, and responsibilities of women absorbed in war programs were reflected in its pages, month by month. As the women of Canada have grown in stature through those experiences, Chatelaine has kept step with them. It is a matter of very sincere pride to me to be once more associated with its editorial panel.

I have learned, too, of the eagerness Canadian women have to work together on a constructive program for the national good; of their desire to harness their network of organizations in order to get definite results in some specific project.

I have discovered that when a majority thinks in unison throughout the country-it is always right.

I have realized that there is a wall between groups who want to work for the benefit of their communities, and the government department with a con-structive social program. That same wall exists, often, between large industries and their customers -the women who throng the retail counters.

I watched young people working indefatigably on many facets of the war program. From this has grown my feeling that because we are still such a young country we have not yet learned how to give our young people that heady sense of belonging to a nation's creative soul in peace as we have in war. Is that, I wonder, one of the reasons why so many of them are leaving for the United States?

What more powerful medium is there for working out these problems than a great magazine, going into thousands of homes each month? What better service can a woman's magazine be to the nation than to tackle such questions as the full citizenship of its women; a more sympathetic understanding between its economic groups; more opportunity for young people?

It is true that Chatelaine has served this ideal since its first issue 20 years ago. But we have plans to make the achievement of this ideal still more

As one means of doing this, Chatelaine is launching a Department of Consumer Relations. Through it, this magazine will work with the women of Canada in focusing their opinions. This concentrated point of view will be interpreted through the Department to the public, to Government and to Industry. Consumer panels will be organized so that your thinking as women may be properly gauged.

Many of you have spoken to me about your interest in such a development. It is a natural follow-up of what women learned during the war, and should mean much to all of us in the years ahead.

Byrne Hype Danders

Chatelaine

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preparation for grasping it had been carefully fostered beforehand.

Many parents of young children are seeking vocational advice through "tests." There is a place for vocational tests in a restricted area when applied to adults. Such tests were used successfully in the armed forces where a specific task had to be done-e.g. steamfitting. A test for steamfitters can easily be arranged but to think that such a test, applied to a 10-year-old, could be reliable is asking too much, at present. Just because your four-year-old attempts to cut off the kitten's tail, does not imply he is a born surgeon or even a butcher!

And so, although it's by far the harder way, let parents develop the four factors mentioned above and they can safely leave the "specific" choice of a vocation to their children, with one final admonition. Continued success in any field has never been achieved without effort; success achieved through effort is never sour-the end is never disappointing because the means are more important -and one never has to give tribute at the shrine of heredity. .

Strawberry Rash

Continued from page 60

should have thought of that, but he hadn't. And now Mom was going to guess what he had done. Sheer horror froze him.

"Petey"- her voice didn't sound like Mom's voice at all—"Petey, why did you eat strawberries?"

He got hold of the sheet and held it tight to keep his hands from shaking. Make it sound right now. Have to make it sound right, or he'd never be able to look at her again.

"I-I'm sorry, Mom. I always liked strawberries. And it's been such a long time-I thought maybe I wouldn't get a rash any more

For a terrible moment he thought she wasn't going to believe him. Then he saw her face relax.

"You ought to be ashamed of your-self!" she said crossly. "I never had such a scare!"

Pete let go of the sheet and gulped air into his lungs.

Mom tied the strings of his gown and shook out the pillows. "And what kind of a way was that to treat Mrs. Jervis? I had to apologize for you. She didn't even know you were gone till she found the back door open and went in to look for you. Then the telegraph operator called and said there wasn't any Hotel Tildon in New York. Why didn't you listen when she read the telegram back to you?"

Weakly Pete asked, "What time did you get the telegram?"

Mom was fussing with the covers. Her face was turned away from him. didn't get the telegram at all. I didn't even go to the hotel. Mr. Kent got sick on the train-it was his heart-he's had attacks before-so we took the next train home—I was worried to death about him—" She rattled it off like the multiplication table.

PETE LAY quite still. Mom wasn't a very good liar. But one fact stood out, clear and almost unbearably beautiful. She hadn't come home because of his telegram. She had come home because

she didn't want to stay.

Her voice rattled on. "I'll have to do



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something nice for Mr. Simpson. He got you this room, and when he saw the lights in my windows he called me-

And you didn't get to see New York at all?" Pete asked, trying not to sound too happy.

Mom's lips quivered. "Just the raiload station.

But her eyes looked right back at him They weren't hiding anything. And that was when Pete suddenly realized what a fool he had been. He should have known Mom couldn't really do a thing like that. He should have trusted her. He was ashamed of

He closed his own eyes, feeling weak and miserable again. His insides hurt and the rash on his chest and arms began to itch. Darn it, he'd probably never be able to eat another banana, or even a cheese sandwich! He was sicker than he had ever been in his life-and for what?

Dimly he heard the door open and

Mom talking to someone.
"—not Mrs. Hilliard!" a man's voice said suddenly. "Surely you're not this boy's mother?"

Mom laughed. "I certainly am. He's all I have. I lost my husband several vears ago.

Amazed, Pete heard the bubbles in her voice again. He opened his eyes.

Beside his bed was the big man in the white coat, the one who had reminded him of Dad. It wasn't so much that he looked like Dad, Pete decided. But he was the same size, his hair was streaked with grey like Dad's, and when he grinned at you, you felt better.
"You must be tired, Mrs. Hilliard," the man was saying, "and you'll never

get a seat on a streetcar at this time of day. I think I can get away for half an hour, so why don't you let me drive

Mom crinkled up her nose at him. That would be wonderful, Dr. Wick." Pete blinked. There was Mom in her

black suit and little red hat, with her bright hair curling against her shoulders. And that doctor was looking at her exactly the way Dad used to look at her. As if she were something very special. Something that might break if you didn't take good care of it.

Pete forgot that he'd never be able to eat another banana. He even forgot he was sick. He turned over, sighed deeply, and promptly went to sleep. •

Is the Church Letting Youth DOWN? Continued from page 74

overtime to combat the apathy of young people to church and creed; and to resolve its source.

"As with the teaching profession, the ministry is today considered by too many people a profession for third-raters," one minister said vehemently "The 'smart young men' go into law, medicine, business. We must have social and educational acceptance and approval of preaching as a career for the finest and most brilliant of our students.'

New vitality and revision of curricula in theological schools was the great need, according to another.

"You can't administer forced feeding." he went on. "Today's young men and women won't take religious teaching methods from the days of their grandmothers. They have cast aside many shibboleths and inhibitions of the last









generation. Religion must be a natural, easy-flowing part of their everyday lives." His church has widespread activities of interest to youth, is working to interweave religion with other normal

But one keen young churchman, a former military chaplain, protested against "luring young people to worship with parties and dances.

"Surely the church isn't going into competition with Hollywood!" he said scornfully. Parish hall activities were fine, he felt, so long as young people came to church because faith and worship were vital to them, and not because of the social events.

"First, I think the church could start teaching young people what is in the Bible-a subject on which they are appallingly ignorant (as the Canadian Youth Commission report testifies). It also has a job to do in telling them how their church came into being, what its history is and why it adheres to certain creed and doctrine."

Announcing a Bible class for this purpose recently, he was amazed at the tremendous response; the young people wanted to know, to listen and to talk

Personal interviews were discussed by churchmen as well as the adolescents. 'I wish we could have regular consultation hours," one hard-worked parson sighed, "when young people, and old ones too, could come to talk over their problems. Many who imagine they require psychoanalyzing only need a spiritual overhauling.'

PERHAPS MORE deeply aware than any other group in the whole disturbing picture are the religious youth leaders of the country-heads of organizations and movements with church affiliations.

"We need voluntary adult workers with personality and magnetism, as well as principles and ideals," one of them said bluntly, "and often these people are too busy elsewhere to spend time and effort with adolescents."

Another felt strongly that great numbers of young people considered that the church—while all right in its way-had nothing to do with their personal lives. "It doesn't reach out and touch them," she said.

Another, who deplored the loss of young people from the Sunday schools of the country, felt that "on the whole, theological training in our Protestant colleges does not teach ministers the mechanics of church organization, especially for young people and their needs.

And preachers today should realize that you can't offer sentimental teaching of religion to a generation of hardheaded war-nurtured youth who know more about bombs, big guns, radar and the stratosphere than their elders do," she added. "You've got to show them the relationship of their social order . . . their scientific knowledge . . . their world generally . . . to the Christian belief and the church."

It was the well-known head of one of the biggest youth organizations in Canada who said finally:

"We can bring them back when the home and the school and the church combine to show them the way. And when we do, there will be fewer incipient breakdowns, fewer delinquents, and fewer misfits-simply because there will be fewer unbelievers among our rising generation." .*



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and then grasp his feet, one in each hand. Gently resist any movement that he tries to make. Such resistance usually stimulates him to kick all the harder. This exercise should be kept up for two minutes.

At the beginning of the third exercise, baby is laid in the same position as in the two preceding ones, but in this case the mother lifts up his feet and grasps his legs just above the ankle. Her thumb is placed on the inside of his leg and her closed fingers on the outside and toward his face. Then baby's feet are brought toward his nose, with his thighs in contact with his abdomen. This exercise should be repeated three or four times. It helps to develop the abdominal as well as the leg muscles and is especially helpful to babies with constipation or distended abdomens.

As soon as your baby learns to sit up steadily, which is usually at about eight or nine months, he should have a playpen. It is best to get one that is equipped with a floor as that makes it less draughty. In addition it is well to put a thick piece of blanket on the pen floor. He should be put in it each day along with suitable playthings. It won't be long until he learns to creep or pull himself up on his feet. From then on you do not need to give him special exercises as he will provide plenty for himself. As soon as he learns to run around he should spend as much as possible of every fine day playing out of doors. .



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JANET POWER

Practical psychologist and
mother of three of the kind of the kin

THE doctor says there's nothing physically wrong with our 3-year old boy. But he cries ALL THE TIME! He cries when he's hungry . . . when he doesn't want to eat any more . . . he

children you'd like to know eat any more...he cries about anything. We don't want to spoil him but he goes into such a fit of crying if we don't give him what he wants. My husband and I are at our wits' end about this. Can you help us?"

You have been very WISE in one way, Mother!—having your doctor examine Ernie. So, if there is no physical or mental trouble, the crying is just temper—and you MUST TRAIN IT AWAY! It won't be easy to do, for the habit seems to be well established.

First, if he cries only to get his way, tell Ernie he can cry all he likes—but it must be alone, in his own room! Don't be angry or impatient with him—just be quiet, very firm. Above all, DON'T give Ernie what he cries for! Remember, his tears are weapons; he uses them to force you to give in to him. If you tire of his wailing and give him his own way, OF COURSE he'll stop crying. But he'll cry again when he wants something else! If Ernie's tears grow into a hysterical tantrum, put him quietly to bed. And, as I said before, leave him in his own room alone when he cries to get his own way.

It will take your time and your patience, Mother, to train crying Ernie to behave cheerfully. But, once he learns that tears bring only solitude and disapproval (no candy!), your battle is won! And Ernie will grow up a HEALTHIER, HAPPIER person too!

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"A new baby was coming..."
writes Mrs. P.M. Allen

We feared our little girl might be jealous of her new sister. So we moved the baby's crib into her room, and suggested it would be nice if she had a baby sister to sleep with her. This idea pleased her very much! We went on from there to have her help choose carriage, clothes, etc., for the baby. Result—there's never been the slightest jealousy between our daughter and her new, little sister!

Training Your Child

By DM. WILLIAM E. BLATZ

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.

SPECIAL TALENTS

OW often does one hear a phrase such as "She is a born teacher," or "Surgeons are born and not made," or "He is a born leader"? (If Churchill was a born leader, it certainly took Britain a long time to find it out.) It is seldom that one hears, "He worked and worked and finally trained himself to be a top-notch artist." In spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the general opinion still prevails that there are inborn special talents and that in the absence of such hereditary equipment it is useless to try one's hand at certain skills.

There is, of course, an adequate explanation for such a belief. In the first place, it provides an easy alibi for those people who are too lazy to try to learn. What a splendid excuse it is to be able to say: "I can't tell one note from another"—"I can't even draw a straight line"—"I can't add two numbers together." At once it is obvious that there is no use trying.

In the second place, one can be so superior to others who have tried. "So and so plays the piano marvellously. I'd give anything to have his talent." (Everything, except hard work, of course.)

In the third place, it provides parents with an excuse for avoiding the responsibilities of guiding their children. "Let's get our boy tested, to see what he should be." Or "His grandfather was a mathematician and his father is good at mathematicis; he should do well as a chartered accountant." It is not only in the stock market that people want something for nothing.

Although there is still room for a good deal of research, most of the evidence to date points to the general conclusion that a child is born with a certain degree of intelligence, or capacity to learn. There are no special qualities within this capacity. The direction in which his efforts are channelled will determine the Some tasks field of his endeavors. require more general intelligence than others-e.g. we must have more general intelligence to learn to be a surgeon than a shoemaker. (This does not imply that some shoemakers might not have been good surgeons if they had had the opportunity to learn, but it does imply that all surgeons might have been excellent shoemakers if they had wanted to.)

In order for a child to acquire any skill, four factors must be present: (a) interest, (b) effort or industry, (c) a goal' idea and (d) opportunity. The degree to which he acquires the skill in, question—and it may be anything from rug weaving, cooking, painting, poetry, skiing or acting—is dependent upon the interaction of the four factors. In a subsequent article these factors will be discussed at greater length. At present it can be stated, however, that parents who are, of course, interested

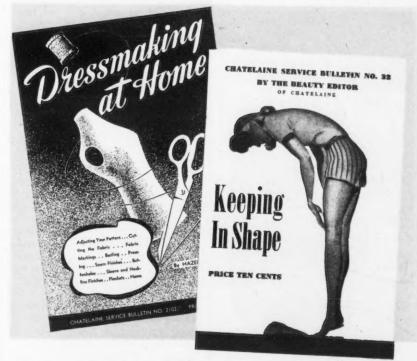
in their children and who are seeking to "guide" them into some vocational area, can be successful if they operate with these four factors.

Developing interest. Since interest is inherent in the individual and not in the outside world, it follows that from the earliest age, a child should be encouraged to enquire and experiment and "do things for himself." There is nothing in the world interesting or uninteresting, there are only persons who are interested and uninterested. When a person says, "I am not interested in sculpture, or cooking, or ceramics or bacteriology," he is boldly stating that he is grossly ignorant of the subject. Interest, by and large, is directly proportional to knowledge.

Developing industry. A child will learn, if left alone, that the most satisfactory experience in the whole gamut of his life is the feeling of his effort toward accomplishing something. Nothing is more personal than effort. Perhaps in no other field of child training do parents interfere more than in not letting children do things for themselves.

Developing a goal idea. A child's values are built up as he grows. Parents may, through example and precept, so color the child's future that money, fame or power may be his only goal idea. A parent said to me the other day, "If my boy turned out to be a poet, I think I'd go away and hide somewhere." "Why?" I asked. "Did you ever hear of a poet nowadays who makes enough to live on?" was the reply. Recently in the newspapers there was shown an array of bank managers (all undoubtedly financially successful) of whom a small minority had a university education. The conclusions to be drawn, obviously, are: (a) if you want to be a bank manager don't go to university; or (b) university graduates make poor bank managers; or (c) a university education changes one's point of view with regard to success. A parent must permit the child to make his own choice, but he must make certain that his child's choice is not limited by a family tradition, or an inadequate preparation, or a limited knowledge of the many avenues of vocational endeavor that this world provides today.

Making opportunity. Most parents think of their responsibility in this connection in terms of finding a berth in some friend's business or in their own businesses or places of employment. Such a procedure often *limits* the opportunities. There are so many opportunities for the expenditure of effort that a free choice with sympathetic encouragement and discussion is usually adequate. Ask any of your successful (sic?) friends what factor determined the choice of their vocation and you will be surprised at the casual or chance occurrence that seemed to crystallize the goal idea. Further enquiry will show that the ultimate success was due to the first three factors mentioned above. The opportunity was there, but the



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60 CAPSULES FOR \$2.50.

ONE-A-DAY brand MULTIPLE VITAMIN CAPSULES

Is the Church Letting Youth Down? Continued from page 36

members of their denomination in other cities and countries. Still another plans to help welcome strangers at church—a job they think young people could happily undertake. "You've got to feel that the church needs you, as well as your needing the church," one of them remarked sagely. "One of the main troubles today is that we don't have enough part in the services: the ushering and collection taking and decorating and things like that. You know how kids like us just bare to steam up if we're going to take a real interest."

"Wish we could have more summer camps in connection with our churches," someone else put in. "That's where you can feel close to God and get to understand your relation to your religion and your fellow man."

THESE WERE random thoughts-Simple things—with the constantly reiterated desire to feel that they belong, —are essential to the work of the church.

On the whole, young people don't push the issue of dancing and other social activity in the church. They believe that the Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, which accelerated teen-age activities through the war years until today they constitute 70% of the total "Y" work, are filling this need magnificently. Forty thousand Canadian girls and boys a month dance, swim, play games, enjoy sports, handicrafts and other activities in 123 hospitable "Y" buildings.

No, they want something more important from the church. Something the school, the playing field, their cultural activities and often the home, fail to give them. Spiritual fulfillment. If you doubt this, listen to the result of a poll taken in one typical section of the

country (non-Catholic) recently.

To the question, "Can you lead a good life and not worship God?" only six per cent answered "yes."

But when asked "Can you lead a good life and not go to church?" 40% said 'yes"; 17% said "partly true," seven per cent didn't know. Only 29%—a little more than a quarter—answered in the negative.

"They (Canadian youth) seem to have a very slight interest in the institutions of religion as they now exist," a well-known director of vocational guidance in Ontario stated. "Yet in personal interviews a very considerable number seem to feel that there should be a very definite place for things of the spirit, and that, unfortunately, in the crowded life of today, spiritual interests are very definitely sidetracked."

One of our Halifax Councillors, a 16-year-old girl, put it this way. "I think young people who claim they have no religion at all, only half believe it. They do not lack faith in God. Instead, they lack an understanding of God and faith in themselves."

Perhaps this, as one minister has said, is the great function of the church today in its relation to young people: to give them back faith in themselves.

Clergymen—interviewed in various Canadian cities—were keenly aware of the urgency of the problem. Readjusting their congregations and activities, and in many cases themselves, to peacetime conditions, they often work

♣ Continued on page 78

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Child Health Clinic

The New Baby

Sunbaths and Exercise by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

tanned in the same way as you did his face. Then shove up his sleeves and later, as it gets warmer, take off his bootees and get to work on his legs. By the time the really warm weather comes (late in May or early in June) he will be ready to have his sunbath all over except for the part covered by his diaper.

However, be careful to expose new areas for only five-minute periods at first, then cover them up while he gets a longer sunbath on the parts already tanned. Sunburn can make a baby really sick and must be avoided. Your aim is to get him brown as soon as you can and to keep him that way as late in the season as possible. The ultraviolet rays are the ones that tan the skin. However, do not stop his fish-liver oil when you start his sunbaths. Besides the vitamin D effect, the ultra-violet rays probably have other beneficial effects on the body.

On very hot days, especially in July and August, the sun is too hot for sunbathing baby at midday. Therefore he should be given his sunbath before 10 o'clock in the morning and his head should be shaded. On extremely hot days the sunbath is best omitted entirely. Instead, baby can be exposed to the skyshine—in other words to as much of the blue sky as possible, as this too gives off ultra-violet light. To do this, place his carriage in the shade of the house but not under a gable or veranda.

The best kinds of exercise. As soon as a normal baby is born he starts exercising both his lungs and his limbs. A reasonable amount of crying is actually good for baby as it helps to expand his lungs, to stimulate his circulation and to strengthen his muscles. When a small baby is picked up he squirms and kicks, which provides good exercise for him. However, he needs more exercise than he gets in this way and it is easy to give it to him.

All you need to do is to take off all his clothes with the exception of his shirt, diaper and bootees and lay him on his back in the middle of a large firm bed. If the room is really warm you can take off his bootees as well. Most babies enjoy such a chance to kick and wave their arms about. It is well to give him half an hour of such exercise just before his bath every day.

When he reaches the age of five months he is ready for additional exercises. Here are three useful and simple ones. They should be carried out in a warm room where the temperature is about 75 degrees. After spreading a small blanket over a firm table, take off baby's clothes and lay him on his back with his feet toward you. Then grasp each hand and gently pull him up to a sitting position. He will help all he can. Repeat this exercise three times.

The second exercise is even simpler. Lay baby in the same position as before



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SABY: You can't see germs either. But you can crack down on 'em . . . keep 'em from spreadin' through your house.

YOU: Well, wise guy, how's that done?

BABY: By tacklin' 'em with a real germkiller — "Lysol", the hospital disinfectant—every time you clean! Germs live in house dust... See? J: But if sickness is brought in from outside?

BABY: Then you gotta follow doctor's orders...and better be ready with things he'll likely call for.'Specially "Lysol", to disinfect whatever the patient touches. That's the hospital way!

YOU: That reminds me — I'd better check my sickroom needs!

BABY: You bet! Check 'em today!

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N OUR last Child Health Clinic article it was stated that babies sleep a good deal more soundly outside in the fresh air than they do inside the house. This, of course, is an advantage both for you and for baby. In addition the cool outside air whets his appetite and makes him that much hungrier.

Regarding sunbaths. As you probably know, besides the light rays that we can see, the sun gives off invisible rays as well. The shortest of these are known as the ultra-violet rays and when they shine on our skin they convert a chemical substance called cholesterol, which is normally present in the skin, into vitamin D. This vitamin, as you know, is also found in the fish liver oil that you give your baby regularly every day, certainly from mid-September to mid-June—and your doctor may instruct you to give it all year round. Babies need this vitamin in order to form strong straight bones.

To return to the ultra-violet rays, these rays are so short that they are easily dispersed or scattered. As you know the earth is surrounded by a thick blanket of atmosphere. In the wintertime when the sun is low down in the sky, these rays have to travel a longer distance through the atmosphere in order to reach the earth than they do when the sun is high up in the sky as it is in the summer. (You could draw a simple diagram to show this, I have no doubt.) The important point for us is that in our latitude, between the middle of September and the middle of February, there are very few ultra-violet rays in our sunshine because the rest of them have been scattered or blocked in passing through so much atmosphere. However, after February 15, more and

more of these rays get through to us as the sun climbs higher in the sky and it is worth your while to give baby a sunbath on every sunny day after that date. In February give him his sunbath between 12 noon and 1 p.m. when the sun is at its height. The first day his face should be exposed for only 10 minutes, five minutes on one side and five minutes on the other. Turn the carriage so that he isn't looking directly at the sun, as that is a little uncomfortable for him. The sun shining on his face won't hurt his eyes and he will shut them if he dislikes that much light. Increase the length of his sunbath three to five minutes each day until he has it for one to two hours. As the days get warmer take off his mittens and gradually get his hands



PECAN OR WALNUT SPICE CAKE

Measure 2 cups once-sifted Maple Leaf Cake Flour. Sift three times with 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon. ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ¼ teaspoon (each) grated nutmeg, ground mace and cloves.

Cream 8 tablespoons soft butter (or mixture of butter and shortening). Gradually blend in $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups (lightly packed) brown sugar. Beat until very light 2 eggs and add, combining well.

Sift in dry ingredients alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold strong coffee. Combining after each addition and with the last of the dry ingredients include ½ cup finely-chopped pecans or walnuts.

Turn batter into greased and floured 8-inch square pan and bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 50 minutes. This cake is delicious covered with a caramel frosting.

(Note: Nuts may be omitted, or replaced by seedless raisins or chopped pitted dates.)

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Don't Skip These!

A Good Breakfast

GOOD start predisposes a good ending, whether it's a six-day bicycle race or the more usual activity of getting through the day's work. And off to a good start you'll be if you follow one simple rule: bave a breakfast that contains one quarter to one third of the total calories you'll need for the day.

It doesn't much matter what you eat for breakfast so long as you have a good meal. If you've a craving for doughnuts or pie, eat 'em! But if you like exotic goodies early in the morning, be sure you get your full quota of the so-called breakfast foods during the day. Foods such as:

A glass of citrus fruit or tomato juice for vitamin C.

One serving of whole-grained cereal (hot or cold).

One egg-at least three times a week. Several slices of whole-wheat (or vitamin-rich) bread or toast.

And milk-1 pint for adults, 1 quart for children.

If you're one of those people who "simply can't eat a lot of food the first thing in the morning," perhaps you'd like to try drinking a good breakfast. Add a good rich eggnog, flavored with vanilla, cocoa or spices, to your usual menu of fruit juice and coffee. That, plus a slice of crisp toast will give you your morning allowance of calories.

Remember, as you sit down to breakfast, that it's a long, long time since your bedtime snack and you've been busily burning up energy all the time you were sleeping. It's true you haven't been as active as you'll be during the day, but you did a lot of turning and tossing last night (see sleeping-habit statistics if you don't believe this) and you've a full morning ahead of you.

Eat what you like before you start the new day, but eat hearty!

A Balanced Lunch

TTAKES fuel to feed a fire, and you and the other members of your family have burned up most of those breakfast calories during the morning's work-at school, office or home. Restoking is required.

All of us, regardless of age or occupation, need almost a third of our day's ration of calories at the noon meal to keep us going until dinner time. Even mental effort, with its accompanying strain, uses up energy (if not quite so much as violent physical exertion) and let no one tell you otherwise! An office worker is as much in need of an adequate lunch as anyone else.

For you who complain of sleepiness and a general sluggishness after a 'big" lunch, there is one basic fact to remember. Fats digest much more slowly than do carbohydrates and proteins; large amounts should therefore be avoided when you want to feel particularly alert.

Lunches should include one item from each of four food groups:

Some protein-meat, fish, eggs, cheese or dried beans.

A fruit or vegetable (other than potato), preferably raw.

Milk to eat or drink.

The extras-cake, cookies, dough-

A lunch that should satisfy almost everyone can be built, with these foods, round either a casserole dish or a protein - high sandwich plus any raw vegetable, from carrot sticks to a tossed salad, and fruit with cookies or cake.

If a salad is your dish, come noon, it's a good idea to start the meal with a nourishing soup and wind it up with a milk pudding-to supply sufficient calories for your afternoon's energy requirements. Accompany the meal with whole-wheat bread, rolls or muffins whose nutty flavor adds zest to simple menus.



Meals of the Month

FEBRUARY

DINNER

		LUNCHEON OF SUPPER	DINNER
SAT	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Baked Corn Pudding Tossed Salad Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
SUN 2	Orange Halves Cereal Fried Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Potato Soup Carrot and Raisin Salad Scones Honey Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Prune Whip Coffee Tea
MON 3	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Crackers Chocolate Rennet Custard Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Beef Scalloped Potatoes Beet Lettuce Wedge French Dressing Pear Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
TUE 4	Apple Juice Cereal with Dates Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Carrot Sticks Raisin Tarts Tea Cocoa	Au Gratin Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes and Celery Brussels Sprouts Gingerbread Applesauce Coffee Tea
WED 5	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Assorted Sandwiches Cabbage and Raisin Salad Leftover Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Beef Turnovers Baked Potatoes Fruited Floating Island Coffee Tea
THU 6	Orange Juice Cereal Jelly Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Raw Relish Tray Baked Apples Nut Bread Tea	Lamb Chops Lyonnaise Potatoes String Beans Lemon Pie Coffee Tea
FRI 7	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Cheese Soufflé Tossed Salad Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Steamed Finnan Haddie Lemon Sauce Mashed Potatoes Buttered Spinach Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT	Tomato Juice Cereal Jelly Coffee Tea	Creole Spaghetti Head Lettuce Dressing Stewed Figs Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Broiled Minute Steaks Pan-fried Potatoes Mashed Turnips Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
SUN 9	Baked Apple Sausages and Bacon Graham Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Stuffed Baked Onions Celery Curls Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Giblet Gravy Mashed Potatoes Squash Grapefruit Salad Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
MON 10	Orange Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Hamburgers Waldorf Salad Canned Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	Creamed Chicken on Corn Bread Riced Potatoes Peas Peach Betty Coffee Tea
TUE	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve	Corn Chowder Green Salad Fruit Cup Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Cheese Omelet Scalloped Potatoes and Onions Diced Beets Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
wed 12	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Bran Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Frankfurters Mustard Pickles Tossed Salad Leftover Cottage Pudding Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Boiled Beef Brisket Mashed Potatoes Spinach Baked Custard Coffee Tea
тни 13	Apple Juice Buckwheat Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs Green Salad Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Brisket Potato Cakes Cabbage Baked Peach Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 14	Orange Segments Cereal Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwich Celery Pickles Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Broiled Salmon Steaks Raw Fried Potatoes Braised Celery Carrots Red Plum Jelly Valentine Cake Coffee Tea
15 SAT	Chilled Grape Juice Cereal Jelly Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soufflé Turnip Sticks Gherkins Sliced Oranges Leftover Cake Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Paprika Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Johnnycake Syrup Coffee Tea
sun 16	Orange Juice Cercal Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Crackers Tossed Salad Fruit Cup Leftover Johnnycake Tea	Roast of Veal Pan-browned Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes String Beans Steamed Marmalade Pudding Coffee Tea
MON 17	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Sausages Sauerkraut Applesauce Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Curried Veal Mashed Potatoes Turnips and Peas Fruited Blancmange Coffee Tea
TUE 18	Tomato Juice Cereal Jelly Coffee Tea	Pancakes Syrup Grated Carrot and Celery Salad Canned Plums Wafers Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Ice Cream Melba Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 19	Sliced Bananas Poached Eggs Brown Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Lettuce Wedge Russian Dressing Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Broiled Whitefish Egg Sauce Riced Potatoes Harvard Beets Deep Apple Pie

LUNCHEON or SUPPER



CREAMY BEEF ON TEA BISCUITS—Fry α small chopped onion in a little dripping, add α pound of ground beef and cook, stirring frequently, until browned. Make α paste by mixing α little cold milk with

 α tablespoonful of flour, add $1^{1}\!/_{2}$ cupfuls of milk, then pour over the meat. Season. Mix well, cover and simmer until the gravy is thickened—stirring occasionally. Serve over tea biscuits. Four servings.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
20	Stewed Apples (cook enough for Friday) Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Heart Cabbage and Grapefruit Salad Tea Biscuits Jam Tea Cocoa	Chopped Beef Patties Onion Gravy Mashed Potatoes Macedoine of Vegetables Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 21	Orange Sections Coddled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Brown Bread Carrot Sticks Stewed Apples Tea Cocoa	Pan-fried Smelts Creamed Potatoes Spinach Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
22 22	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve	Fish Chowder Celery Curls Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Dumplings Cabbage Carrots Coffee Soufflé Coffee Tea
23	Half Grapefruit Cereal Waffles Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Lima Bean Scallop Dill Pickles Stewed Apricots (cook enough for Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Roast Ribs of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Mashed Potatoes Wax Beans Green Salad Bowl Butterscotch Pie Coffee Tea
MON 24	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Foamy Omelet Head Lettuce Dressing Date-Stuffed Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Beef Creamed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Jellied Plums Coffee Tea
TUE 25	Orange Juice Cereal Scones Conserve Coffee Tea	Browned Hash (from Sunday) Raw Vegetable Relishes Scones Marmalade Cookies Tea Cocoa	Pan-fried Liver Fried Potatoes Julienned Carrots Apricot Whip Coffee Tea
wed 26	Tomato Juice Cereal with Raisins Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Cabbage and Apple Salad Raisin Tarts Tea	Fish Puffs with Lemon Sauce Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Apple Brown Betty Coffee Tea
тни 27	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Jelly Coffee Tea	Tomato Rarebit Tossed Salad French Dressing Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea Cocoa	Veal Chops Baked Potatoes Beets and Celery with Lemon Sauce Maple Ice Cream Coffee Tea
FRI 28	Orange Slices Cereal Toasted Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Beef and Noodle Soup Raw Vegetable Salad Roll Applesauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Baked Halibut Spanish Sauce Baked Potatoes Parsnips Jelly Roll with Custard Sauce Coffee Tea



Here's good news for 1947. The Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerators which gained such widespread public favor before the war are here again—with new streamlined beauty, new features and super efficiency! Model illustrated produced by one of the four manufacturers whose refrigerators are approved by the Canadian Ice Foundation. Before you buy any refrigerator, get all the facts about the modern Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerator at your ice company or furniture store.



ICE REFRIGERATION ALONE PROVIDES THESE 3 ESSENTIALS OF COMPLETE FOOD PROTECTION

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Serve Soup

Continued from page 67

fish bisque in individual covered casseroles; or surprise all comers with a cream of turnip soup-mild in flavor, wonderfully satisfying-and ladle it in good Victorian style from a big tureen.

Fish Bisque

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1/3 Cupful of shortening
- 1 Small onion, finely chopped
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- Quart of milk
- Cupful of cooked flaked fish
- 1/4 Cupful of cooked peas
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt Pepper to taste

Melt the shortening, add the onion and cook until lightly browned. Blend in the flour thoroughly. Gradually add the milk and cook in a double boiler. stirring constantly until thickened. Add the flaked fish and peas, heat thoroughly and serve at once. Four to six servings.

Serve with tiny hot tea biscuits. Give free reign to your fancy in their seasoning: brush the tops lightly (before baking) with a little milk and sprinkle with celery, caraway or poppy seeds; work some of your French-Canadian salted herbs (Chatelaine, October, 1946) into the dough; or pat the plain dough into a thin rectangle, sprinkle with parsley, roll up like a jelly roll and cut into pinwheels. Then bake.

Sour Cream Tomato Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 21/2 Cupfuls of water

11/2 Cupfuls of thick sour cream

41/2 Tablespoonfuls of flour

1/8 Teaspoonful of soda

1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the tomatoes, onion, the onequarter teaspoonful of salt and the water and cook until the onion is tender. Add the cream to the flour gradually and cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Add the soda to the tomato mixture, then stir into the sour cream sauce. Add the one-half teaspoonful of salt. Reheat and serve piping hot. Six servings.

Serve with a self-garnish of sour cream. At the last moment, pour the cream slowly from a large spoon over each bowlful of soup, to give a casually swirled effect.

Cream of Turnip Soup

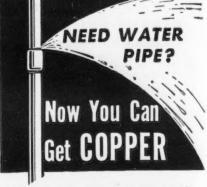
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or shortening
- Tablespoonful of flour
- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- 11/2 Cupfuls of ground turnip 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of scraped onion

1 Tablespoonful of parsley

Melt the butter and blend in the flour. Add the milk gradually and cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened and smooth. Put the raw turnip through a meat grinder, or mash cooked turnip, then add with the salt and onion to the cream sauce. Cook about 10 minutes or until turnip is tender. Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley. Six servings.

Serve with raw vegetable relishes: celery curls, carrot sticks, perhaps a few green pepper rings and radish roses -crisped for an hour or so in ice water.



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What'll We Eat?

by JACQUELINE ROY

That age-old family question is going to be easier to answer this year as the food situation improves and more plentiful supplies of many products appear on your dealers' shelves.

GALLANT HOUSEWIVES, take heart! The food situation is gradually easing. You may not be able to serve the lavish meals you did in pre-war days, but many of our recent meal-planning head-aches will disappear as long-absent favorites find their way back to your grocer's shelves.

Wheat and other Cereals—The Canadian wheat crop for 1946 was 40% larger than the previous year's harvest. Cereal products (flour, macaroni, etc.,) will be fairly plentiful. But the needs of other lands must not be forgotten—and so the elimination of waste and an enthusiastic acceptance of our bumper potato crop is indicated.

Canned goods of all kinds will be more plentiful than last year, although the great consumer demand may not be satisfied in some lines—notably salmon and canned whole tomatoes. (See our article, "Open a Can, and Then . . ." elsewhere in this issue, for ways to use the canned goods you do secure to the best advantage.)

Frozen Foods—Manufacturers report a larger pack of frozen fruits and vegetables than last year, and are hopeful that there will be enough to meet the increased demand. A larger amount and greater variety of fish have been frozen this year than ever before—a boon to all of us as we look around for something "different."

Dried Fruits—You'll probably have to pay more for them, but you can count on a fair supply of all kinds of dried fruits: raisins from Turkey and Australia, prunes from California, dates from Iraq (as well as shipments from California and Tunis), both golden and black figs, some apricots, and a small quantity of dried peaches and pears.

Corn Products—The long summer was responsible for an excellent crop of corn, and you should have no more difficulty in obtaining cornstarch, corn syrup and oil.

Jams—Hungry youngsters will be spreading their bread with lots of plum, some peach or grape jam, though very little strawberry and raspberry. Their fathers should find enough marmalade to cover their toast generously, but all ages may have to go a bit easy on the peanut butter until late spring, when African, Indian and Chinese nuts come on the market.

Spices are gradually coming in from the Far East again. There's more real black pepper, although what you buy will still be blended with synthetic. Cinnamon will be more plentiful, and cheaper.

Nuts—They'll be very expensive, but all varieties are coming back on the market now.

Meat—Beef will still be the most frequently seen meat on Canadian dining tables—but then it always has been. There'll be a good supply of lamb and veal as well. Pork—and bacon—you'll still serve only if, and when, you find it.

Sugar—The grocer will still demand coupons as well as cash when you ask for sugar in the months to come. You may be allowed a bit more than formerly, but rationing will continue.

Butter, the same. Milk production is down and there's little relief in sight. Because of labor shortages, price complications and the general cussedness of fate, the farmer is unable to produce sufficient quantities of milk for our requirements of cheese, fluid and evaporated milk, and butter.

Rice is scarce and will continue to be so for some time to come. It is the staple food of many eastern countries who are still unable to keep up with the needs of their own people, let alone export to us.

Shortening—It will be some time before shortening is in free supply. You'd best continue serving one-crust pies, cookies that are easy on fat, and pan-fried instead of deep-fried potatoes and fish.

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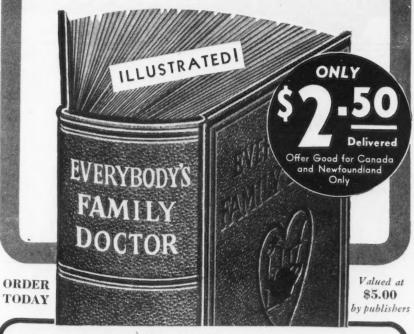
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Open a Can and then...

What a debt of gratitude we owe to Louis Pasteur and the other scientists who discovered the process of preserving food in glass jars and, later, in tin cans. Few things have been greeted with more pleasure than the reappearance, last year, of rows of canned products on grocery store shelves.

There will be more canned goods this year; although a tin of salmon will still be a precious thing and not to be used lightly! You'll find lots of peas, green and wax beans, and cream style corn to work with, but few niblets and even less canned asparagus. There was a record pack of plums; there'll be plenty of peaches (some without sugar), not so many cherries, a very small supply of raspberries and no strawberries at all. Your favorite market should be well stocked with apple, tomato and citrus fruit juices.

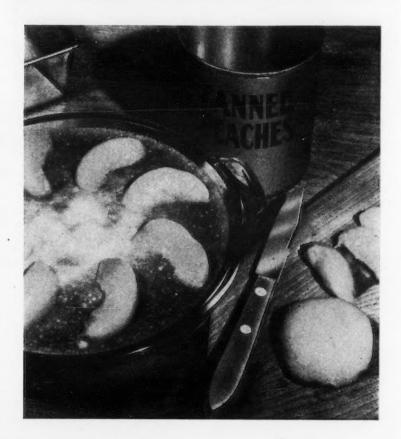
Canned meat will not be very plentiful, but a tin or two in reserve may be a lifesaver. You can serve it sliced to stretch your cold cuts, diced in a hearty salad, sliced and frizzled (perhaps on a bed of noodles), covered with brown sugar and corn flakes for a mock Virginia ham, or incorporated in a casserole dish of meat and scalloped potatoes.

The present urgency of using every scrap of food applies to canned goods as well as wheat products, fats and sugar. Cover that half can of tomatoes with waxed paper or a plastic film gadget and store it in the refrigerator to appear tomorrow as a scallop. Remember, the can was sterilized in the factory and is probably a safer place to store unused food than your own dishes (with all due respect to your dishwashing methods). The contents of an opened can must be used up quickly, of course, for they are now as perishable as fresh foods.

If you suspect that one of your precious cans has been frozen, don't worry. Freezing may soften the texture of canned goods a little but it won't harm their flavor or start spoilage. Examine the can for pinholes, however; if air finds its way into the contents, spoilage will take place.

While fruits and vegetables make mighty good eating straight from the can, occasionally you'll want to stretch them a bit or dress them up for company dishes. Canned vegetables take as kindly to sauces as fresh ones do, fish will go twice as far in a puff, and there are countless desserts that glamorize, as well as stretch, canned fruits.

All cans are marked with the contents in fluid ounces, so if the recipe calls for cupfuls and you're wondering if one can is enough, remember that there are eight fluid ounces in a cupful, and figure accordingly.



Tinned fruits are good just as they come, but they take readily to glamorizing too! Baked Peach Pudding, with a whiff of almond flavoring, a touch of grated lemon rind, and garnished with fruit segments, is a delicious climax to a winter dinner. Try it!

Plum Whip

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- 34 Cupful of juice, from a can of red plums
- 1/4 Cupful of sugar
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of plum pulp, sieved
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of brown sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice 2 Egg whites

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Heat the plum juice and add the softened gelatine, stirring until it is dissolved. Stir in the sugar and salt. Combine the plum pulp, brown sugar, cinnamon and lemon juice and add to the first mixture. Chill until partly thickened, then fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until they stand up in soft peaks. Turn into a mold and chill until firm. Serve with custard sauce or cream. Five to six

servings.

Tomato Soup Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 10 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1/2 Can of condensed tomato soup
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of water
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of baking soda
- 11/2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
- 1½ Teaspoonful of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- 1/2 Cupful of raisins, if desired

Cream the shortening and sugar together, add the egg and beat well. Combine the soup, water and soda. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and spices. Add the sifted dry ingredients and the soup, alternately, to the creamed mixture, stirring after each addition. Stir in the raisins. Pour into an eight-inch square cake pan lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes.

by Jane Monteith

Baked Peach Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Eggs, separated
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of almond flavoring
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of lemon rind
- 1/2 Cupful of diced canned peaches
- 1 Cupful of peach juice

Cream the butter and sugar together, then blend in the egg yolks and flour. Add the almond flavoring, lemon rind, peaches and juice and mix well. Beat the egg whites until they stand up in soft peaks, fold into the peach mixture, then pour into a greased baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Six servings.

String Beans With Chili Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil or shortening
- 1 Onion, finely chopped
- 2 Cupfuls of canned string beans, drained
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/3 Cupful of chili sauce Pepper

Put the oil and chopped onion in a saucepan and cook until the onion is tender. Add the remaining ingredients. Heat thoroughly and serve at once. Five to six servings.

Corn Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 21/2 Cupfuls of canned corn, cream
- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper or pimento, if desired
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Eggs, well beaten

Combine the corn and milk, then add the green pepper, onion, salt and pepper. Stir in the beaten eggs and turn into a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes, or until set. Six servings.

Cabbage and Apple Juice Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine
- 1/2 Cupful of cold apple juice
- 134 Cupfuls of apple juice
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- Tablespoonful of sugar 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1½ Cupfuls of shredded cabbage½ Cupful of slivered almonds

Soften the gelatine in the half cupful of cold apple juice for five minutes. Heat the 134 cupfuls of apple juice to boiling point and dissolve the softened gelatine in this. Add the salt, sugar and lemon juice, stir until dissolved. Chill. When mixture begins to set, fold in the cabbage and almonds and chill until firm. Unmold and serve on salad greens. Garnish with orange sections if desired. Six to eight servings.

Fish Puffs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 11/2 Cupfuls of flaked canned fish
- 4 Eggs, separated

Combine the crumbs, salt, mustard and milk in a saucepan. Cook over low heat until thick. Add the fish and the beaten egg yolks. Beat the egg whites until they stand up in soft peaks and fold in. Fill greased custard cups threequarters full, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. A large casserole will require one hour. Serve with savory lemon sauce. Six servings.

Savory Lemon Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild dripping
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice

Melt the butter or dripping and blend with the flour, salt and mustard. Gradually add the water and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add the lemon juice and reheat. Makes two cupfuls.

Beets and Celery With Lemon Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of diced celery
- 2 Cupfuls of diced canned beets
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 34 Teaspoonful of salt 1/3 Teaspoonful of pepper

Cook the celery in gently boiling water until tender, then drain and add to the diced beets. Pour over this a sauce made by melting the butter and stirring in lemon juice and seasonings. Place over hot water and heat thoroughly. Serve

Halibut Loaf

- 1 Cupful of cooked flaked halibut
- 1/2 Cupful of dried bread crumbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped onion
- Eggs, beaten
- 1 Can of condensed vegetable
- 3 Green pepper rings
- 1 Hard-cooked egg

Mix all the ingredients, except the green pepper rings and the hard-cooked egg, together thoroughly. Arrange the green pepper rings in the bottom of a greased loaf pan. Place a slice of hard-cooked egg in the centre of each ring. Pack the fish mixture into the pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until firm-45 to 60 minutes. Turn the loaf out onto a platter. Serve hot or cold. Six servings. +





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'conscrvative American"-of which she says there are very few left. She is pure British Isles stock—"the same," she comments, "as most Canadians. I represent the older American. Oh, I have some American traits," she laughs. "I want to sweep up and bustle around a bit." Marriage to a Canadian may have eradicated most of the Americanisms, however. In any case U. S. customs officials consistently try to write her off as a British subject.

She is certainly sold on the Royal Ontario Museum. "I believe no other museum in the world is so closely co-ordinated with a university," she emphasized. "What you get from the people associated with it is accordingly the view of the scholar in the field. Not that of the professional museum man who is a showman." In the United States, Mrs. Thompson told us, even museum display treatment is different. Instead of showing the public the major portion of fine collections at hand, two or three pieces will be set out for display purposes. Sometimes it's arranged to spotlight a few. "It's just window dressing," Mrs. Thompson sniffed. What Mrs. Thompson wants to do

in the Museum in Toronto closely parallels, she explained, the aims of Dr. Currelly, and in addition to these she has plans for technical reorganization

in cataloguing, etc.

"This museum should be a storehouse that can show people what the norm of production in every age is," she declared. "That was Dr. Currelly's idea and it is also mine." Her aim is not to restrict the museum's contents to a few products of an age which conform to a set standard of taste, but to include all the things that go with everyday livingnot just the plastics and ceramics the art critic dotes on, but the dishes you use for the baby's cereal, the kitchen pots and pans. "More and more in the United States they talk of master-pieces," she deplored. "This is a distorpieces," she deplored. tion of the historical point of view. Currelly's idea was for the museum to hold the handwork of man through the ages, and to have the taste unselected. In the United States they will eliminate a whole period if it offends their eye."

Both Dorothy and Homer Thompson hope to resume their trips to Greece. Their mutual interest lies in a vast area rich with promise of future growth.
"The world of excavation," Mrs. Thompson believes, "is just beginning."

Sometimes you tend to wonder how she can possibly get all these things done, but she has for inspiration an expert named Hetty Goldman with whom she got off to a fine start excavating in Greece in her teens. This vigorous lady is now over 60, and still going

All things considered, there seems no reason to suppose Dorothy Thompson will be any less hardy. 4

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Serve Soup

OUP HAS been good cold-weather eating for centuries—and there's no visible threat to its popularity in the future. The stock pot at the back of the stove may have been replaced in many homes by a trim row of cans on the pantry shelf, but

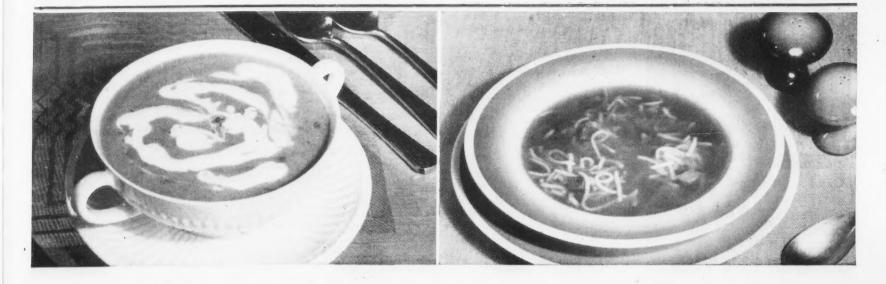
assembled families still sit down with relish to steam-

assembled failines still sit down with relish to steaming bowls of marrow-warming soup. It's one of the best parts of "going home" on a winter day.

The variety of soups you serve need not be restricted to those named on the labels of your favorite brands. Combinations of two or more different cans give a choice that is limited only by your taste and imagination. One day you may serve beef and needle ination. One day you may serve beef-and-noodle

soup, for example, plain and unadorned; the next, be experimental with a can of vegetable soup teamed

up with the beef-and-noodle. And so on.
Or, if you like to try your hand at making soup from scratch occasionally, try one of these new versions of old family favorites. Fill your "cream soupers" with a tangy tomato soup wearing a garnish of sour cream; serve a hearty Continued on page 70





Q. Why is early diagnosis so important?



A. If rheumatic fever is discovered early, prompt treatment can often prevent serious injury to a child's heart. This is especially important with this disease, for it is still a leading health hazard among children from 5 to 15. It is also responsible for much of the heart disease in early adult life.

Q. How about recurring attacks?



As Recurrence is one great danger of rheumatic fever. In only about one third of the cases do children escape with a single attack. Proper care during the first attack and periodic examinations after it help to avoid further trouble. Your physician will also advise you how to build up your child's general health in guarding against sore throat, tonsillitis, streptococcus infection, and other illnesses which may precede rheumatic fever.

Q. What are the signs of rheumatic fever?



A. The most common are: persistent low fever, loss of weight and appetite, pains in joints or muscles, frequent nosebleeds, and chorea (St. Vitus' dance). These are not sure signs of rheumatic fever. They are warnings to consult your doctor. Sometimes rheumatic fever shows no symptoms, and its effects will be discovered only if the child has periodic physical examinations.

Medical science often limits the effects of rheumatic fever

Although there is still no specific cure for rheumatic fever, modern medical science is making so many advances that parents can be hopeful that the effects of this disease can often be limited. Through their doctor, they should take advantage of every aid offered by increased medical knowledge. Parents also should work to keep the child-patient cheerful, especially during convalescence, which may be prolonged.

The majority of children who get rheumatic fever will be able to lead normal lives. Many whose hearts are weakened will still remain free from any serious handicap in later life. To learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 27-L, "Rheumatic Fever."

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First Rate Digger

Continued from page 16

which at that time was clearing the civic centre of ancient Athens. We happened to be digging side by side. I should say," he broke off, "that my own interest was in the topography of the site, and that Mrs. Thompson's interest was in the terra cotta figurines used as offerings in the graves and shrines. She had, in fact, already published a small book on the subject, for the Boston Museum, which is now referred to as one of the standard Professor Thompson returned to the main theme briskly. "I came upon a mess of votive material," he remembered, "which had obviously been thrown out of the sanctuary as rubbish. It was dated about the seventh century before Christ and included small figurines of horsemen, tiny terra cotta shields, chariot groups of gaily colored baked clay and so on. I was most disturbed by these, wanting to get on with my own archaeological findings." He chuckled. "She was looking on, on her side, with watering eyes, so I decided —and with much relief— to turn over my section to her." This incident could probably be called the starting point of Dorothy Burr was their romance. extremely grateful and later published her findings there and added them to the Journal of the School. "It turned out," he mused reflectively, "to be an extraordinarily interesting little mess.'

The Thompsons were married in 1933 and together they make an uncommon and beautifully adjusted team. The offices of both are in the Royal Ontario Museum. They can thus share experiences at home, at the office, and—in season—on the dig. They can understand each other's lapses into the common language of archaeology which, to the uninitiated, sometimes sounds plain

It is characteristic of Dorothy Thompson that she doesn't carry her job halfway. Nor her marriage.

The Thompsons have three children, which would complicate many a professional woman's life. They are all highly individual. They have their own views. Watchful workers in the art world have already started to look for signs of inherited talent in the Thompson brood, and Pamela, the youngest, aged eight, has been typed "vivid." It is further characteristic that Mrs. Thompson won't volunteer to show you her offspring's pictures although their father will. But despite her apparent lack of maternal warmth in describing them, people who know Mrs. Thompson intimately insist she's an excellent wife and mother.

She manages this largely by good organization. In Greece, for instance, she carried on as a member of the dig even after the family—the eldest, twins—arrived. This was accomplished by taking a Toronto Mothercraft nurse to Greece with the Thompson party: Betty Atwood, a girl of whom they are very fond and who is still with them. "She turned out," Dr. Homèr Thompson told us conversationally, "to have some interesting archaeological strains in her family. Her father was a cousin of the late Sir Arthur Evans, the explorer of the Palace of Minos in Crete. She had no interest at all, however. In all that time," he marvelled, "she didn't get up to the Acropolis until the last



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day, and then only because we shoved her up."

AT THE MUSEUM, Mrs. Thompson has a staff of about 30 people under her. She has sole charge of all the administrative work of her department, all business matters concerning the Museum of Archaeology, loans exhibitions, purchases, the acceptance and rejection of gifts ("I had to turn down an old paring knife the other day," she expostulated. "My word, I wish people would get some idea of what is needed here—this is not a historical museum!") and she lectures regularly to University of Toronto students, most of whom find her extremely good and vigorous to hear.

In addition to all she does in Toronto, Dorothy Thompson hankers for Greece. Her intense feeling for archaeology explains it. She knows that archaeological excavation is an unromantic, often painfully disappointing undertaking, but she has for it a wholehearted, natural bent. "The excavator," she has written, "is more absorbed in the process of finding than in what he finds. Every basket of pottery, every object of any account must be given a label according to depth, and according to a system of numbers and letters which indicates every square metre in the area.

"The difficult and absorbing processes in excavation are the methods of digging for evidence concerning date or history, together with the interpretation of this evidence as it is being destroyed by that very digging. ancient street has to be cut through that its date may be ascertained, a drain has to be emptied that its latest period of usage may be discovered and the filling against it removed that its period of construction may be determined. Always a small section must also be preserved as a reserve for future study. The strategy of excavation is amazingly complex, particularly in a city like Athens which was incessantly occupied. No neat stratification survives, but a heartbreaking confusion. Modern cellars cut into Bronze Age deposits; Roman villas lie at a lower level than geometric graves; wells and cesspools pockmark the entire area. The most exciting wall can never be followed to its conclusion and the most tantalizing inscription breaks off like Plato's tale of Atlantis. The best always seems to lie just out of reach. No wonder archaeologists are always looking forward . . . The simplest digging is grave digging, for there, at least, the skeleton is disposed in a jar or a pit and the pottery is usually complete. One has merely, in the embarrassing presence of a movie camera, to peel off the earth with delicate tools, such as toothpicks and toothbrushes, until the objects stand out clear and new-looking for drawing and photography. This work gives most of us a shocking pleasure . . .

MAYBE Mrs. Thompson doesn't need to do all these things herself, but friends say it is part of her nature to do six jobs at once. "She is always taking things on," one stated. "She's not a hard-boiled professional woman, but she just wouldn't ever sit back and contemplate the world." In the throes of a morning jam-packed with lectures and appointments, Mrs. Thompson herself is apt to tell you briskly, "If you want anything done, do it yourself."

This attitude can clutter a busy

woman's day. Dr. Thompson tends to trust no one. At the moment she's just finished feuding with the parking lot attendants at the Toronto General Hospital where she has been taking weekly treatments for a knee that was the chief sufferer in a fall from a horse ast spring. Doctors had been finding, to their exasperation, that when they rushed out to get their cars, they were hopelessly hemmed in by Mrs. Thompson's vehicle which she had locked up firmly to make sure it would be there. Actually Mrs. Thompson is neither as fierce nor as contrary as all this sounds. On her last trip down to the General she told us, like a thoroughly squashed little girl, "I guess I'd better not do it again.

But the fact that Dorothy Thompson may be annoyed by details in Toronto doesn't apply when she's on the dig, engaged in the main business of her life.

"The ideal archaeologist never lets himself get lost in detail," experts maintain. Mrs. Thompson doesn't. At work, she follows her own precepts. She has a sense of proportion. She knows the top-flight archaeologist must learn a steady, orderly approach and, no theorist, she learned this early. On her first dig in 1923, Mrs. Thompson, then just in her teens, was left in charge of the party for a day and found 15 tombs in that interim. Wild with excitement she missed-and she still tells it ruefully-the biggest find of all. She had unearthed a heap of old pottery, glanced at it briefly and set it aside. Her chief came back later and turned straight to it.

"What's this?" he demanded. Dorothy Burr examined it closely then and was able to stammer, "I think this is Neolithic," but it was too late; she had already disgraced herself in her own mind for, to the historian, the Neolithic pottery (which it was) dated around 3000 B.C., and proving the existence of Neolithic man was more important than finding 50 tombs.

By 1925 Dorothy Thompson was far advanced in quick observation. While digging at the Argive Heraeum she discovered and reported the finding of a tholos tomb at the neighboring site of Midea-a royal tomb of the 15th century before Christ which turned out to be one of the extremely few unrifled tombs of the Bronze Age. Its discovery led to the finding of several others. The objects from the tholos tomb are now the property of the Greek Government and in a Greek Museum. Among them are an old ostrich egg made up into a drinking cup with mounts of silver and gold; long slender rapiers; rare bronzes and coins. Normally, the peasants would have dug these objects up and they would have been scattered to the four corners of the world. "It is almost miraculous," Homer Thompson tells you proudly, "that this beautiful lot should have been excavated under proper scientific observation.'

IT WAS natural for Dorothy Thompson to turn to archaeology. She's a Philadelphia girl, whose family were always collecting things, like silver and old furniture. She always loved Greek and Latin literature. At an impressionable age she heard a mangificent lecture on archaeology which gave her the extra push toward becoming the first woman to graduate from Bryn Mawr College in archaeology.

Mrs. Thompson considers herself a



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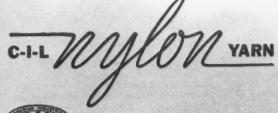
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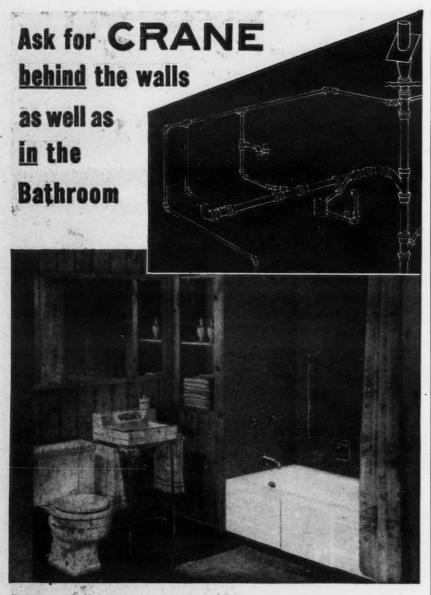
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Quebec's Holiday Houses

By JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH, Architectural Editor

They cling to the Laurentian slopes or snuggle in the snowy valleys . . . They have the essential merit of good design and careful architectural planning for informal year-round living . . . And in gay, zestful color schemes, exterior as well as interior, they represent the boldest experiments in Canada

TORTH of Montreal, a 200-squaremile area of rugged mountain country forms Quebec's Laurentian playground. Renowned among vacationists throughout Canada and the United States, it offers good transportation, majestic scenery and facilities for the enjoyment of virtually every outdoor sport through the seasons. Though there are fine hotels, many Canadiansin order "to get away from it all" according to their own family needshave built holiday houses there in the past 10 or 15 years, and since the war there has been an acceleration of interest.

Designed for year-round occupancy, many of the houses are the work of leading Montreal architects and have thus become "newsworthy" for their individuality of design, layout for informal living and decorative themes. Some derive their inspiration from Scandinavian, Alpine, or Tyrolean sources, but the majority are based on the French-Canadian tradition. With their simplicity of character and lavish use of color they possess unique appeal.

THE SCANDINAVIAN and similar styles are invariably of log construction. Cedar logs are used, with the bark removed. Light or dark brown stain is relieved by such accents as white sash, green shutters, orange trim. The judicious application of reds, blues and yellows is also in keeping.

French - Canadian examples employ rough - faced boarding with clapboard gables, or square-hewn logs with dovetailed corners. Walls are whitewashed or painted, and vivid touches predominate everywhere. With white walls it is not uncommon to see light blue used for gables and window frames, green for shutters, and salmon pink or brick red for doors. Against snow or forest for a background a house with such a color scheme gleams like a jewel.

Stone is occasionally used for exterior walls and stucco is fairly frequent. Roofs are generally covered with cedar or asphalt shingles, or with galvanized iron. The use of metal dates back to the days when Quebec's habitants used the empty food tins of British troops for roofing.

INSIDE A Laurentian house, a stone fireplace is considered an indispensable feature. For walls, logs or panelling present attractive appearance. The wood is painted, stained, or left plain and waxed, in order to display knots and grain to advantage. Pine, spruce, fir and maple are popular for panelling. Plaster is not much used: it has been largely replaced by plywoods and wallboards. Hardwood floors, or pine painted in brilliant shades of red or orange, add a cheery note.

There seems no limit to the variety of interior color schemes and choice of furnishings. Homespuns are appropriate for curtains and upholstery. rugs depicting rural life in Quebec enliven walls and floors. Lighting fixtures combine function with whimsy-ski poles appearing as one of the chief sources of inspiration. Frequently the furniture as well as the house is architect-designed. Much of it is built-in, and provides evidence of the skill and pride of workmanship possessed by local craftsmen.





French-Canadian charm is inherent in the architectural style of the Cooke residence, interior views of which are shown on the preceding pages. The stone turret harks back to some of the old farmhouses along the St. Lawrence and beyond them to Normandy across the seas.

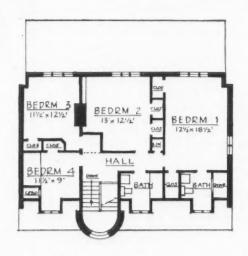


IST FLOOR

The floor plans, above and at right, show fullest utilization of space. Living and dining rooms are thrown together for hospitable open effect. A door leads to the long gallery from which a broad view of slopes and lake can be enjoyed. The stairs occupy the squat tower - much in the manner of the old Norman farmhouse style. Space for coats and a washroom is provided near the entrance. Kitchen is small and modern in layout. Upstairs there are four bedrooms and two baths-one en suite with owner's room.

Leonard N. Booth, architect, designed this interesting house; Henry Morgan & Co. were the interior decorators.

The spirited color which has always played a distinctive part in the Quebec scene occurs in this charming new babitant house, too. The walls of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke's holiday house are finished in white stucco; the steeply pitched roof is grey - black, against which the dormer facings in lemon-yellow become gay ac-cents. The front door is painted a burnt-orange shade. Sash is ivory, while general trim is carried out in dark blue. Schemes like this maintain their eye appeal throughout the year-and no visitor has quite decided whether the Laurentian houses look their. brightest and best against the summer greens or the sharp white of winter.



240 FLOOR

Opposite: This is the owner's room in the Cooke residence. Simple, convenient furnishing schemes are employed, as witness the three plain chests grouped in line for space-saving and ease of access. Bright sturdy materials are introduced for curtains and coverings.



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building, Pete was pleased to find that he was getting dizzy. By the time he was inside, the floor was heaving under his feet.

He had dropped the box of berries and was trying to pick it up, when Mom's friend, Mrs. Jervis, came down to get the afternoon mail.

She looked at him sharply. "Pete, are you sick?"

Pete managed to retrieve the berries, and then he remembered that Mrs. Jervis had promised to look after him. He had another inspiration. When he was really sick, he'd go across the hall to her apartment and let her send the telegram. That would give Mom a good scare.

Carefully he laid the groundwork. "I-I don't feel so good. Guess I'll lie down-

"I knew it!" She grabbed his arm. 'I'm going to give you a dose of castor oil."

In sudden panic Pete realized that castor oil was just what he needed. It might even keep him from being sick. Frantically he jerked away from her, clutched at the stair rail, and began to haul himself up.

"Pete, you wait for me! I promised your mother I'd take care of you!'

Fortunately Mrs. Jervis was fat. Even when the stairs were trying to get away from him, Pete could move faster than she could. He managed to reach the apartment, unlock the door, and slam it in her panting face.

Mrs. Jervis rang the bell and lifted her voice in indignation. But Pete had dragged himself into the kitchen and was eating strawberries.

The walk had not increased his appetite, and it was hard going. The sweat ran down his face and the berries began to look like red mountains.

And then at last he had a pain-a really good one. He tried to feel pleased, but all he did was gasp and upset the rest of the strawberries.

He was trying to pick them up when he had another. He collapsed on the floor, clutching his stomach.

The telephone had been ringing for some time before he managed to reach it.

"Pete, you should be ashamed of yourself!" This was Mrs. Jervis again. "A big boy like you, afraid of a little castor oil! You don't want to get sick and spoil your mother's trip, do you?"

He slammed down the telephone. He had just enough sense left to realize suddenly that Mrs. Jervis wouldn't want to telegraph Mom. Probably she would put him to bed and take care of him herself.

So he would have to send the telegram -now-while he was still able to do it. Tell Mom it felt like appendicitis and he was going to a hospital-that was it. Then she'd know he really was sick.

Three times the telephone book slipped out of his hands. Names and numbers danced crazily. Sweat dripped off his chin as he dialed the number and gasped out the telegram.

To Mrs. John Hilliard - H-i-l-I-i-a-r-d-Hotel Dalton-D-a-I-t-o-n-Just as the operator was reading it

back, another pain hit him. There was too much pain now. It was splitting him in two. Have to get away from Mrs. Jervis. Have to get to-

hospital-

He dialed her number and waited till she answered. Now she would be in

her front hall. He eased the telephone into its cradle and made a dash for the back door.

He managed to get down the stairs and outside. But he hadn't expected walking to be so difficult. The first thing he did was bump into a bunch of garbage cans. Fleeing frantically from the appalling clatter, he found himself clinging to a fence. The world wheeled and dipped around him. How was he going to get to a hospital when he couldn't even stand up?

As from a tremendous distance, he saw a car backing out of a garage. Yellow house—that must be Somehow he got his' legs Simpson. moving again.

A voice called to him. "What's the matter, Pete? You sick?"

Pete fell on the running board. "Mom's — in — New — York — take —hospital—"

Then he fainted.

WHEN PETE woke up, it seemed to be early morning. The light outside his window was dim. He felt weak and light-headed, and somewhere behind him was a nightmare of pain and nausea.

There was also a funny sort of dream about a man who had reminded him of Dad. A big man in a white coat, with big gentle hands. "Take it easy, son," the man kept saying. "You'll be all

Pete looked around. He was in a hospital room with two beds. The other bed was empty. He began to remember things and then he tried to sit up. He couldn't make it.

After a while a nurse came in and smiled at him. "Feeling better?" she

"Mom-" Pete mumbled. "Where's Mom?"

She stuck a thermometer in his mouth and took hold of his wrist. "Your mother's outside. I'll call her in a minute."

Pete caught his breath and almost swallowed the thermometer. A wonderful warmth seemed to fill his veins, washing away the pain and nightmare. Mom was back. She must have taken the night train home. It had worked.

Pretty soon he heard her voice. sounded scared and shaky. She looked scared too.

"Petey-oh, Petey, are you all right?" He tried to grin at her. "Sure, Mom. I'm okay.'

She turned to the nurse. "And it really isn't appendicitis?

"Dr. Wick thinks it's just acute indigestion. Of course there's a rash-What kind of a rash?"

"Possibly some sort of allergy."

The next thing Pete knew, the nurse had gone, and Mom had turned on the light beside his bed and was pulling down his gown.

"Indigestion!" she muttered indignantly. "Why, you never have indigestion-" She stopped, staring at the rash on his chest.

"Pete, you ate strawberries!"

He opened his mouth to mumble Then he saw the color something. fading out of her face.

Slowly she said, "You waited till I

was-gone-and then you ate straw-

That was when Pete realized how it must look to her. Indigestion, in the first place, and then strawberries. He

* Continued on page 78





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Laurentian Living

ANY Montreal families have built picturesque holiday houses in the rolling countryside north of the city, and because of the ideal conditions for sports at all seasons, these have been designed and equipped as comfortable year-round

signed and equipped as comfortable year-round headquarters for casual living.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon G. Cooke's house at Ste. Adele is typical of the trend. The owners commute back and forth from Montreal on week ends and holidays. To them it is truly a "second home," and well worth the sturdiness of its fabric and comfort of its arrangement. Here, you see the big living-dining room in its two main seasons of service: in winter—the massive stone fireplace as the centre of attraction; in summer—the picture window at the dining end capturing the view of wooded hills and the little lake in the distance. The panelling and open cupboards are knotty pine pickled in a grey-blue finish. Furniture is simple Canadian Provincial style in light finish. The colors of the striped upholstery (Quebec's native catalogne) and the homespun curtains contribute to a zestful atmosphere at all seasons of the year.



DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO

a war club aswing in his hand. Then, for the first time in her life, she fainted, not swooning gracefully like a lady in a romance, but with her skirts everywhich way, all in a heap in the bottom of the wildly rolling canoe.

The fight was still clattering and screeching over her when she roused. That vision of Gideon had been only a dream, her muddled brain told her—but still, a wonderful dream! She opened her eyes; and, incredibly, the vision persisted. Her husband was leaning far outboard with a foot on the gunwale and an arm around the prow, his once-white linen shirt in red-spattered rags. He swung the four-foot slatestone club in his other hand as if it were no more than a schoolmaster's hickory gad. He was popping skulls like melons, and he bellowed at every blow. "Sword of the Lord!" he shouted.

"Sword of the Lord!" he shouted. "Sword of the Lord!" and brought his club down upon another head.

The chief's harsh voice cut through the din. Panting men dropped spear and club, snatched up their paddles. The canoes of the ambush fell away from their bows, dropped astern where other craft floated bottom up or wallowed half-swamped in the narrows.

They were through the gut then, two canoes of the flotilla's three, and running north with a long lovely lift and fall into the funnel mouth of a windy sound. Ahead, broadside to their course and looming huge as a very ship-of-the-line, lay Her Britannic Majesty's sloop Wolverine, guns run out through her ports, and sailors ready at her guns.

"Stop!" Gideon shouted in his new voice of thunder. "Hold your fire!"

A REMEMBERED brogue, the voice of the Wolverine's Irish sublicutenant, bounced back like a surprised echo. "It can't be, but blast if it ain't. It's Parson Hit-me-again, with the pretty wife!"

Authority hailed them sternly through a speaking trumpet. "You there . . . The white man. We're putting a boat over. Any nonsense and we blow you to hell with grape."

The captain's boat pullers wore cutlasses, Rachel saw as they neared, and the Indian boy who crouched among them showed the whites of his eyes as he peered at the canoe. The captain's long face, red from sun and wind and good wardroom port, was both puzzled and grim as he stared up at Gideon. "Now," he demanded, "be so good as

Now," he demanded, "be so good as to tell me what the devil you and your lady are doing here."

"We were set upon, sir," Gideon answered with dignity. He stood braced like a gaunt scarecrow with the rags of his shirt fluttering in the breeze and the great war club still in his hand. He bled steadily, Rachel observed with an anxious pang, from a gash in his upper arm. "They attacked without warning or provocation. I am a missionary and these are the Ankonemun, my sheep."

"Sheep?" The captain's voice lifted a notch. "You're either a rogue or a loony!" He scowled at Gideon for a moment, then said grudgingly, "No, not a rogue. Sincere enough, heaven help him. Just hoist that matting for'ard there and learn about your sheep."

Gideon stooped and tugged. The bark matting rolled back. Rachel found herself gasping down at severed heads jumbled together like cabbages in a bin. The smeared face that grinned up at her from the top of the pile looked remarkably like that of yesterday's guide.

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Down in Brazil, an expedition from the J. Arthur Rank Organization is returning to Rio from the upper Amazon. The resulting film will be GREEN DAYS AND BLUE DAYS with Sabu and Brazil's exotic star, Bibi Ferreira.



Eagle-Lion Pictures at Your Favourite Theatre

"Mister Missioner," said the Wolverine's captain dryly, "you've strayed into the devil's parish. You were bashing the brains out of your flock back yonder, and doing a capital job of it from what we could observe."

He jerked his chin toward the narrows. "Those were your Ankonemun. These you're with are the damnedest wolves on the coast, the bloody murdering Haida."

Later, Gideon insisted it was loss of blood coupled with sore travail of spirit. Be that as it may, his eyes rolled upward in his head, the war club slipped from his hand, and with a sound between a gulp and a groan he fainted dead away.

The grim Haida war chief himself came forward among his own wounded to lift Gideon out of the bilge, and bind his arm with a strip from Gideon's shirt, and dash salt water into his face.

"But I don't understand," Rachel said. The hairline cut on her temple was only a scratch, but she was still dizzy with shock and bewilderment. "Our people were to meet us at the cove. The canoes were there, waiting for us—"

"Haida canoes, ma'am," the captain said, "and not waiting for you, though I hate to contradict a lady. Your precious Ankonemun skedaddled for their own country two days ago, soon as ever they learned the Haida were homebound from a raid. They danced up enough courage to rig the ambush there—which your husband helped to smash."

He shook his head ruefully, but for all his sternness there was a twinkle in his eyes. "The Haida slipped into your cove for fresh water, the dogs, while we hunted 'em up the Straits. They were waiting for dark to flit away when you blundered straight into them."

"What would they have done with us?" Rachel asked.

The captain shrugged. "They take white slaves. Kept you for a while, like as not set you alive under one of their heathen totem poles at the next potlatch." He said briskly, "Well, ma'am, this lot won't trouble us longer. They'll go in irons to Fort Camosun and swing or rot there for kidnapping."

'No!" said Gideon.

HE CLIMBED unsteadily to his feet, a young man very much confused but with a stern new set to his face that sent a thrill, half frightening, wholly delightful, through the heart of his wife. "I beg you no, sir," he said earnestly.

"Wolves they may be, but the Lord made them, and I verily believe the Lord has set me among them."

"You don't mean you'd go north to their godforsaken islands with 'em?" the captain asked, his tone incredulous, his ruddy face taken all aback.

his ruddy face taken all aback.

"Yes," said Gideon simply. He looked at the tall chief, who gave him back a calm and steady gaze, and it seemed to Rachel there was almost a brotherliness in that exchange. "I fear—under the circumstances—I would not be well received by the Ankonemun. Anyway, I feel my work lies with this people."

"Tell the chief what he says," the captain ordered his Selish boy.

The lad broke into a nervous clucking, the Haida listened, then lifted his head and replied, his big voice round and rolling, his black eyes still steady on Gideon.

"He says his heart is great for you," the boy interpreted. "His shaman is



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dead from de arrow. He sees you talk wit' spirits, so he makes you shaman if you go 'long wit' him."

The captain deliberated. He said at last, "You're a fool, Reverend. last, "You're a fool, Reverend. A dreamer. But, dammit, there's sand in your craw. Go with 'em if you will . . . Only what about your wife?"

It was then that Rachel knew fear. In the moment before her husband turned his face that had grown older, stronger in a night and a morning, she was so very frightened that her knees struck together and her mouth went dry.

She had said terrible things, words to kill love. Coward, she had called him, bail the next ship, she had told him . . . and bere was the ship .

Gideon looked her her then, and his brown eyes were deep and soft and pleading. "What I tried to tell you was this," he said. "I am a sinful man, and I come of a bloody line of men. My inclination in anger is to smite and spare not. I fight it down, the Lord helping. But' -and there was hint of the trumpet call in his voice-"I will destroy any man who harms one hair of your head! Now, will you go with me, my dear?"

It may be that the Caswell woman knew less of her Bible than a missioner's wife should, but Rachel found him a swift soft answer.

"Entreat me not to leave thee," she told him, her gentian eyes tender upon him, and no longer troubled.

There is one more entry on that page of Gread-grandmother Potts' journal, inscribed as they sailed on in the Haida war canoe for the far and foggy islands, with the Wolf Song of the Haida pulsing in their young blood. It is written lightly, the words run with a pleased purring, and the meaning is not at all

"If I were a man," she wrote, "I would choose to be just such a man as my Gideon!" +

Strawberry Rash

Continued from page 31

wouldn't be able to eat another. Better try something else.

In the delicatessen next door he had a grilled cheese sandwich and a dill pickle, which he attempted to wash down with a bottle of lemon pop. But some of the sandwich seemed to be still in his throat, and the lemon pop was coming out of his nose. Maybe he needed fresh air.

He was strolling down the street, eating the second of two candy bars, when quite suddenly he found he couldn't finish it. Couldn't chew it. Couldn't swallow it. Didn't even want it in his mouth. Pete was scared.

Good gosh, how was he going to get sick enough to telegraph Mom if he had to stop eating? There must be something else he'd want to eat, if he could only think of it.

Then he noticed those boxes of strawberries in a store window. Only a few strawberries would give him a rash. Eat enough of them, and he might look like a case of scarlet fever or smallpox. It was an inspiration. He went in.

With a box of berries in his hand, he started for home. Better not try to eat them till he got there. The walk might give him an appetite.

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knees. Hands reached for her, gripping roughly, and tumbled her inboard behind the portmanteau. Gideon was hauled over the side—the leader in the stern called once to his crew, and the paddles, each the length of a man, cut the water all together.

The canoe spun in its own length, the rock walls of the cove ghosted past, then the flotilla was into the Straits and northbound with its three wakes braiding a phosphorescent rope astern. Low in the throat at first, deepening and swelling, a chant began. It was like nothing Rachel had ever heard beforea chesty male rhythm set to the chop and drive of the paddles.

Excitement woke in her, kindling under her dull weight of anger. She had always loved action and the thrill of fast going, and the company of strong men. Heathen this crew might be, wilder even than she had anticipated, but heathen fit for an emperor's guard!

The moon rose behind them, a pale enormous round that silhouetted the lean craft to port and starboard. Presently Rachel bent to the portmanteau. Its clasps were slippery and stiff, but she struggled with them alone, asking no help of Gideon. Her journal and writing case lay on top of their gear, and she settled herself with the journal on her knees.

She wanted to write of this chant which filled her ears and roused an answering beat in her blood, and of the canoemen whose hard bare arms brushed her on either side. But, oddly, the words wouldn't come.

Gideon had neither turned nor spoken to her since they left the cove. He sat stiffbacked in front of her, yielding not at all to the sway and lunge of the canoe. She had called him a coward and he was a coward-but she knew, with her anger turned as much against herself as him, that she could no more stop loving him than breathing.

She drove her pen at the paper, spattering ink, and when she had written two terse lines, paused to frown at her husband's unresponsive back.

Gideon . . . the name was ill-chosen. On him it was a name for laughter. That other Gideon had been a fighter, he had led his 300 against a host, the Lord with him and his battle cry sounding before him like a trumpet call.

"The sword of the Lord," she wrote, in a resurgence of sorrow and anger and aching disappointment. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The words stood black on the moonlit page. Love him or not, there could be no life for her with a coward, least of all in this wild land, among such people as these. She knew what had to be done, and would do it even though it broke her

Her mouth twisted, and she underlined those words of bitter mockery with one hard stroke, and put the journal

The paddles dipped and the chant kept time, hour after hour. New islands came up over the wolf's-head prow, black shadowy masses cruising with them for a while, then dwindling into the wake. At last Rachel slept, arms on the portmanteau top and her throbbing head on her arms.

IT WAS Gideon who roused her, spreading his coat over her shoulders. She huddled under it for a drowsy moment, glad of the warmth. Then memory returned, and with it a sense of something missing, the absence of a familiar sound that had pulsed its way into her blood and her brain.

The chant had stopped. The canoe was driving ahead in a hush only intensified by the patter of the light chop under its bows and the heavy breathing of the

Rachel put Gideon's coat aside. The sun was not up yet, but it was full daylight, and the canoe was coursing along a water alley that unwound in steely grey between timbered islands. Gideon was looking down at her. She knew at once by his strained and weary

face that he had not slept.
"You were shivering," he said gently. "You were crying in your sleep, my dear."

Tell bim now, she thought. Say it while you still can .

"You're to hail the next ship we sight," she said. "I'm not going on." His expression did not change: it was

she thought, almost as if he had expected it. Only his eyes were sadder.
"Because I'm—a coward?" he asked

Rachel did not reply, but gazed up the narrows, hardening her face and her heart against him.

"Perhaps you're right," Gideon said.
"Perhaps I am a coward." His voice, unhappy and low, made Rachel feel that he was speaking less to her than to himself. "As the world judges, yes. But how can a man carry God's light through darkness and do otherwise? What would you have me be? A fire-eater, Rachel, spilling my brother's blood over a look wrongly taken?"

She said, not seeking her words but finding a perverse pleasure in their cruelty, "Save it for your pulpit, cruelty, 'Gideon."

The red crept into his flat cheeks, staining his cheekbones, and his grey eyes went bleak and hard. The look of him in that moment reminded her curiously of the portrait in his mother's parlor, made of an earlier Potts who by family legend had raided south with Butler's Rangers in that long-ago

trouble with the States.

"Rachel," Gideon said, "last night you asked me a question. wrestled with it in thought and prayer. This much I'll tell you-

But he did not tell her. From behind came a single guttural command. The chief in the stern swept his arm downward, eloquently demanding silence.

Gideon knelt between the paddlers. who paid him no heed whatever, and began to whisper his morning devotions.

The sense of hostile eyes fixed on her drew Rachel's head around again. The chief was looking beyond her, his fine fierce head lifted as if he tested the breeze that ruffled down the narrows. But the lean old man who squatted at his feet under a cape of roughly woven bark was staring at them with a black unwinking intensity. He held a wooden rattle carved in the shape of a raven, and now he shook it once, lightly, with a dry clicking. Rachel looked away, shaken and almost sickened by the snakelike concentration of hate in those black eyes.

Unease apart from her own distress of spirit was growing in her. The old man's dark regard-witch doctor, shaman, whatever he might be-deepened her presentiment of evil. There was something disturbing, too, in the way the chief peered ahead while his flotilla slipped in phantom quiet along this salt-water river. Here was ordered haste and a grim urgency, as if these men paddled a race against disaster.

It was not fear that chilled her, although from what Gideon had told her while they were still planning and dreaming back home she knew this coast was prodigal in its dangers. Its tribes fought bloodily, and over the Ankonemun and every other Selish clan of the south hung a common threat. Dark or daylight, they never knew in what hour the northern raiders might be upon them, sweeping south from islands that lay apart and avoided, up near Russian America. When the northerners swooped on a Selish village, Gideon had said, they left its cedar houses ablaze and took the heads of its people. They were the Haida of whom the young officer had spoken-perhaps it was because of them that these canoemen paddled in silence now, and with weapons ready to their reach.

Haida. The name was still sinister in Rachel's thoughts as she raised her hands to her disordered curls. Her hands froze there.

Beyond the prow, lunging out from either shadowed shoreline, charging like killer whales in pursuit of a cachelot, came eight long low canoes.

Haida . . .

BEHIND HER, the chief lifted his voice in a great shout, and their own canoe leaped to the pull of its 50 paddles. Those other craft were cutting diagonally into their course, four from a side and scarcely 200 yards ahead, racing to intercept them in the gut of the narrows. Rachel could see the first sunlight on the copper backs and shoulders of the crews, hear their voices like wolves baying a blood trail.

Gideon whirled on her, his face gone white as the paper of her journal.

"Down," he snapped at her. "Rachel, get down!"

Frightened, she thought. He's terrified. He would be!

She leaned forward, laughing, willing the canoe along as if it were a swift horse beneath her. It came to her flashingly that they were in danger greater than she had ever faced before-also that danger was a welcome diversion after a night of wrath and grieving. She was still laughing when the arrow-swarm whistled over.

Pain, bright and blinding, knifed her temple. She heard a thud behind her, an inconsequential minor sound in the hubbub. The shaman huddled in his bark cape like a stricken owl in its feathers, hands tugging in a death spasm at the arrow that skewered his Above him, the chief stood splendidly poised in his high place. He had exchanged his steering paddle for a long spear, and he waited now while the jaws of the trap closed upon them.

Rachel swung around, sick and giddy, her own blood a red mist in her eyes. Dimly for an instant she saw Gideon's face, set like iron above her.

She heard his voice. "Rachel. My darling. They've killed you."

There was a crunching and rending of cedar and a rattle of blows, mixed with an exultant clamor of seagull voices as the two lead canoes of the ambush crashed upon them. Rachel had a vision of Gideon scrambling forward over bodies, tall as a tree and wide as a barn door across the shoulders, his throat pouring sound like a brazen trumpet and

. Continued on page 58

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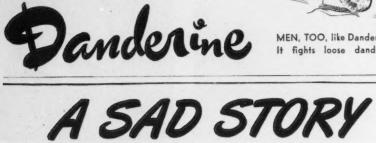
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veranda and when she came to the steps, she stopped walking and began to run. She ran down the steps and down the wide sweep of gravelled driveway to the parking space, the wind whipping at her skirt and long spice-brown hair. When she came to where Neil's car was parked she climbed in and sat, breathing hard, her eyes closed, her hands clenched

tightly at her sides.

Dick had said, "There must be some way," and she had said, "Yes, there must be some way," and she knew now that there was. But it wasn't the way they had almost taken. A roadhouse over on the Island wasn't the answer to anything. For Dick there was just one answer and that was Virginia, and for her there was just one answer and that was to get out of town, to go away somewhere and get a job and not see Dick or write to him.

If she did this, everything would be all right. Not right away, perhaps, but eventually. Virginia was a nice girl and she loved Dick and there was nothing really wrong with their marriage, there never had been. They had had rows, yes, but all married couples had rows. There would be something wrong with them if they didn't. But there hadn't been anything wrong with Dick and Virginia. That is, not basically. He had met her and fallen in love with her and married her and then, two years later, he had fallen in love with her, Fran . . if he had waited and fallen in love with her in the first place it would have been all right. But he hadn't waited. So now it was just as Carol said, so now it wasn't love it was sex . . . or, given time, it would be.

She saw this now and Dick would see it. He would have a bad time for a little while, but then everything would be all right again . . . everything would be fine. Virginia would have a baby and she would forget that one night at the country club she had cried in the powder room and drunk too much in the bar . . . she would forget that there had been a time when Dick first came home when everything had been all wrong, when nothing between them had been

Neil Baker came out of the clubhouse and walked quickly down the gravel driveway toward the parking space. Neil would be sorry she didn't feel well and he would take her home and tomorrow he would call her up and send her flowers. Neil wasn't the answer to anything so far as she was concerned. He was a nice boy, but she didn't love him and she never would love him. But somewhere there was someone whom she would love. Someone whose name she didn't at the moment know, someone whose face she had never seen. He might look like Dick, but probably he wouldn't. And it wouldn't matter whether he did or not because whatever his features were like she would love them because they were his . . . Dick had said, There must be some way . . ." and he had been right. There was this way. This way and no other. And now that she knew it, it was funny how happy she how happy and relaxed and completely unafraid. Happier, really, and more relaxed, less afraid, than she had been at any time during the last five years . . . because for the first time in five long years, she knew not only what she wanted, but she also knew that, if she were willing to be patient and wait for it, she could have it. .



about social plans and engagements

Going out to a party is often an ordeal when it comes on one of the "wrong days" of the month. A sheer evening dress cannot be expected to hang grace

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The Lord and Gideon

Continued from page 7

on, the grinning sailors at his heels. "You let him strike you," Rachel said to her husband as soon as they were out of earshot. "You let that-that hulk knock you into the gutter and you didn't lift a finger!"

"The man was in rum," Gideon answered, calmly but rather thickly because of his puffed lip. "We can't hold him responsible for his actions." He dabbed at his mouth with a white cambric handkerchief, one of the dozen Rachel had hemmed him for a wedding gift. "Hurry along, my dear," he said, "else we shall lose our guide."

As a matter of fact they had already lost him. The squat barefoot Indian hired by Gideon to carry their one small portmanteau had padded on along the water front with no more than an incurious backward glance.

PIT DISASTER

By DOROTHY M. BROWN

"Daddy will come. I promise you that . . . He can't get lost

With a star in his hat!"

(Be still my heart! . . .

Or was it the clock? . Or, the sound of steel

How Three Wise Men Were led by a star To Bethlehem?

"Hush, hush darlings . . .

(Be still my heart! . . . Or was it the flutter of failing

Daddy will come . . . The star in his hat Will guide him home!"

wings Or, his lamp's Last splutter?)

"Hush now, children Away to bed!

Are you sure, Johnny,

Your prayers are said?

(Be still my heart . . . Or is it the tread Of the sorrowful men Who bear my dead?)

"God bless you, Johnny!

God bless you, Sue! And a special blessing for Daddy too!"

On a wall of rock?)

'Didn't I tell you

(Nine o'clock . . . ten c'clock . . . No word yet?) "Hush now, Johnny! Hush, Sue, my pet!

though, was a matter of scant importance. Their instructions were plain. They were to proceed to the second cove north of the town. There, in summer camp, they would find the Selish canoemen who would ferry them up the British Columbia coast to their mission among the Ankonemun tribe.

The cove was something less than two miles by trail, a pleasant stroll on an August evening soft as a benediction. They walked with the lavish Pacific sunset at their backs; and at length Gideon said thoughtfully, "So the Haida are out. I've told you of them, Rachel fiends in the shape of men. I pray we don't fall foul of them on our way to the mission."

He reached for his wife's hand. But Rachel snatched her fingers away, and bitter doubt that had been growing in her mind all this long voyage found words at last.

"Gideon, if it had been me that brute struck . . . if he'd pushed me into the mud . . . I do believe, it would have made no difference. You'd have acted the same!"

He smiled down at her, grave-faced but with his brown eyes pleading. He looked very young, young and somehow defenseless, and she had never quite been able to resist that look before. But she stared coldly ahead of her now, and quickened her pace.

There were other times to remember, so many of them since they'd left the civilized world behind. There was that humiliating episode on shipboard when a sailor heaved Gideon roughly out of his way, and the second mate dropped the man with a hard and prompt fist. 'Good for ill is well enough," he'd said without even troubling to hide his contempt. "But save it for your pulpit, parson. It don't work worth a darn, not in this sinful world!"

A man without spunk, she thought as they descended toward the cove, who lets others do bis fighting for him and won't even defend bimself. There is only one name for a man like that.

"Gideon," she said, with a sob in her throat, "you're a coward."

His back stiffened as if she had driven a knife between his shoulders, and his hands clenched at his sides. But he neither answered nor turned, and they went on down through dark fir and red-limbed arbutus to the beach.

Through tears, Rachel saw the three canoes. They hung just off the shingle, vessels 70 or 80 feet long, gracefully lined, with a Viking sweep to prows carved strangely in the likeness of bird and beast. The men ranged down each

side knelt like statues of dark metal in the twilight, holding their craft in position with an occasional lazy half - stroke while they peered shoreward. About them was an animal alertness, an infinite wildness.

Their guide was nowhere in sight. He must have been a dwarf among these southern natives, Rachel thought, for the Indian who stood raised over his shipmates in the stern of the largest canoe was at least as tall as Gideon. He was naked save for an apron of bark. His lank black hair, coarse as horse-tail, hung below shoulders. His chest was tattooed heavily in reds and blues, and he had a fierce, thin-lipped acquiline face.

Then she saw their portmanteau. It sat, smaller than ever, in the waist of that canoe.

The tall savage in the stern called suddenly, not to them but beyond them. A voice answered in a

swift clucking, so close behind that Rachel jumped and gasped. They had seen no one, heard no other sound but their own footfalls on the dry arbutus leaves of the wood. But a hand pushed her shoulder, and she looked round and up into a dark sullen face.

The Indian gave her another, harder shove. Gideon said calmly, "These are our canoemen, Rachel. They have met us with a flotilla. He's bidding us into the canoe."

AT THE water's edge Gideon made to lift her, but Rachel said sharply, "No!" She waded out with the skirts of her grey travelling gown kilted to her



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Midwinter Is the Time for a checkup of your complexion. After months of cold weather your skin needs extra care. It will benefit tremendously from a weekly treatment of cleansing grains a powdery meal which removes dull flaky skin and brings out the soft new skin underneath. Before using these grains, go over your face with cream, wipe this off, first with tissue, and then with a pad of cotton saturated in skin lotion. Now, shake a little meal in the palm of your hand with just enough water to make a paste; spread it over your face, and when it is almost dry, scrub with a washcloth. Keep on scrubbing briskly until most of the paste has been removed. Finish off by rinsing with cool water. Your skin will feel baby-smooth and much more receptive to make-up.

Cleansing grains are also an effective treatment for teen-age skin blemishes. Young complexions benefit from the efficient cleansing properties of the meal and the scrubbing whips up circulation to bring a better blood supply to the surface of the skin.

Next Time you ride in a street car or a bus and feel in a reflective mood, glance discreetly at the women sitting opposite you and note how few of them have learned the art of graceful There are, for example, the sitting. downright types who sit with knees and feet spread far apart and toes turned out-they look very militant indeed! Then there are the pigeon-toed ones who have toes turned in and knees apart. Others cross their knees, often showing a few inches of upper leg and sometimes stocking suspenders. Not a bit inspiring, you'll agree. As you know and I know, the most graceful way to sit (and the most space-saving) is to keep knees close together, cross one foot behind the other at the ankles and draw both slightly to one side.

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A Walk in the Moonlight

Continued from page 46

wants to go away somewhere. She wants to go to Mexico on a sort of second honeymoon. I told her I was too tired to go away. I couldn't very well tell her the truth. That I didn't want to go away with her, that I wanted to stay here where I could see you . . .

He said then, "I've got to see you, Fran," and she said "Yes," and he said, 'But we'll have to be careful. I don't want to hurt Virginia, and I don't want people to start talking about you. But there must be some way .

Yes, she thought, her heart pounding painfully, there must be some way.

No place here in town is any good," said Dick, "but there's a place over on the Island . . . a sort of roadhouse called Gallegher's . . . you turn right at Chimney Corners and it's about 20 miles farther on. No one from here ever goes over there. Could you meet me

there tomorrow around four?"
"Yes," she said, "of course."

"If you get there first just park your car and go in and wait for me.

All right," she said.

Suddenly none of this seemed real. It had been real when he kissed her, but now it wasn't. Even the things they were saying weren't real. "No place in town is any good." "A sort of roadhouse called Gallegher's." "No one from here ever goes over there." 'If you get there first just park your car and go in and wait for me." It wasn't Dick saying It wasn't Dick saying these things, it wasn't she, Fran, answering . . . it was two other people. Two strangers. A girl and a man whom she didn't know very well. A girl and a man whom she didn't like very well. But that was absurd. That was childish. In time she would learn to like them very much . . . as much as she had once liked the two people they had once been. Or would she just learn to tolerate To not dislike them too much?

She didn't know. All at once she was terribly tired, terribly confused. Something that had started out to be one thing had suddenly and quite without warning, become something entirely different. And she didn't know quite how to deal with it . . . but she would

'We've been out here quite a while," she said, "we'd better go back," and he said, "Yes, we've been out here too darned long," and he kissed her again, quickly, this time, and they turned and started back toward the clubhouse.

When they reached it and went up the steps to the veranda, she said, "I'll go into the powder room and you'd better go straight into the lounge . . he said, "And I won't dance with you again, Fran," and she said, "No . . ."

They were learning all right. They

were learning fast.

SHE WENT in the powder room and it was deserted at the moment and she sat down in front of the dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror. looked just the same. Which was funny. Somehow she felt as if she ought to look different. Less wide-eyed and innocent. More reckless and sophisticated. But she didn't. She looked just the same.

The door opened and Carol Coburn

Carol sat down at the other dressing table and began making up her mouth. "What's the matter with Virginia Fenton?" she asked, smoothing raspberry lipstick onto her soft lower lip with her little finger.

"I didn't know anything was the

matter with her," said Fran.
"Well, there is. First she was in here crying . . . and now she's in the bar . . . gosh, she's been sitting around waiting for Dick to come home ages after the war was over, and now he's come home, she's miserable. I don't know about you, but I'm glad I'm not all snarled up in one of these darn war marriages."

"But it wasn't a war marriage," said Fran. "Dick and Virginia were married two years before he enlisted."

"I know," said Carol, "but it's the same thing, really."

She stood up and smoothed down her dress and ran a comb through her short blond hair fluffed it out over her ears.

"Virginia's a nice girl and she isn't too awfully young . . . I mean she's at least twenty-six or seven . . . she lost a baby right after Dick left and I happen to know that she's anxious to have another . . . but apparently something's gone wrong and I'll bet you a nickel, Fran, that it's another girl . . . some two-timing little tramp, he's gone and got mixed up with. Perhaps overseas. Or maybe when he was down East so long before he got his discharge.'

"Aren't you sort of jumping at conclusions?" said Frances, her hands clenched hard on the edge of the dressing table. You don't know that there even is a girl and, if there is one, you don't know that she's a two-timing little tramp. She may be a nice girl and he may be really in love with her . . ."

"Look," said Carol, tossing her lipstick back into her evening purse and snapping the purse shut smartly, "no girl is a nice girl who deliberately gets mixed up with another girl's husband. Any girl who will deliberately start out to ruin a perfectly good marriage is just a two-timing little tramp and you can't figure her any other way. As for Dick's really being in love with her . . . that's a lot of kid stuff and you know it. I mean it's okay to fall in and out of love before you're married, but after you're married, if you chase some girl who isn't your wife, it isn't love, it's sex . . . you can dress it up with a lot of fancy words but in the end that's all it amounts to .

"Perhaps Dick isn't interested in the sex angle . . . perhaps he just wants to be with her, talk to her, kiss her once in

"Perhaps that's all he wants now," agreed Carol quickly, "but how long do you think that idyllic state of affairs will last? For heaven's sake, Fran, grow up ... Dick's been married ... he couldn't go back in the junior class even if he wanted to . . . being in love with a girl doesn't mean buying her flowers and holding hands in the movies to Dick . it means . .

She broke off suddenly and frowned at Frances. "What's the matter," she said, "you look white as a ghost? Are you sick or something?"

"No," said Frances, "I'm all right. That is," she said, "yes, I guess I am a little sick. Perhaps," she said, "you'd better find Neil Baker, Carol, and tell him I want to go home. Tell him I'll be

She got up quickly and turned and went out of the room. She walked through the lounge and out onto the



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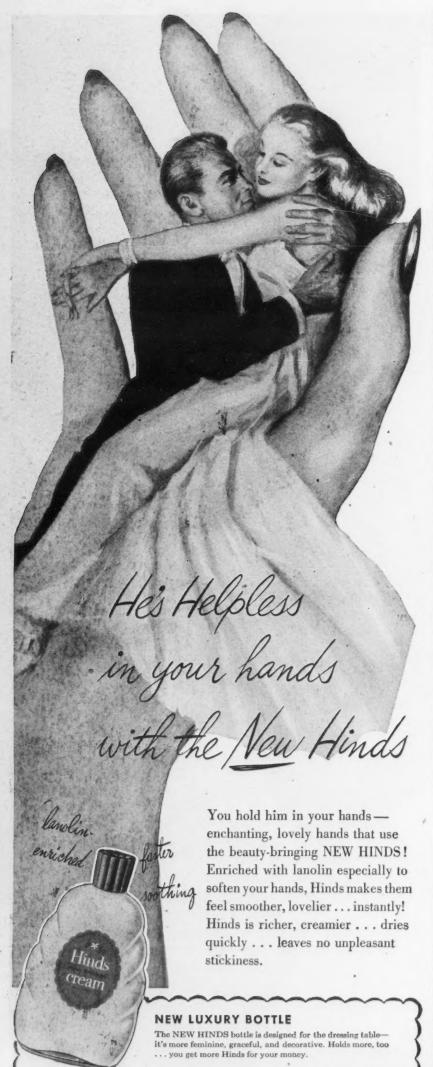


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Are you the victim of insomnia?

Night after night does the sandman pass

you by? You can't ignore

it or run away from it.

You've got to fight it — first,

by tracking down the causes,

then by adopting a new routine

. . . like this, for instance.

Time off for a nap. Doctors say that one of the causes of insomnia is the habit of "rushing" sleep—not allowing enough time for it. If, for example, a child misses his afternoon nap, the chances are that he will become so overtired he will have trouble settling down at night. This can also apply to grownups. If your life is so cramful of activities that you cut down on your normal sleeping time in order to get through the day's work, that old bugbear, nervous tension, may cause you to lie awake during the time you plan to sleep.

The solution is to unclutter your life. Do only the essentials. You'll be surprised how many things can be temporarily shelved while you catch up on your rest. Organize your time so you can tuck in an afternoon nap. Make a regular ceremony of it. Put on a comfortable dressing gown and lie stretched out on your bed with curtains drawn to darken the room. Then stop worrying about the precious moments you are "wasting"—they certainly won't be wasted if your energy is increased and you're able to get through twice as much with half the effort when you waken.

Walking the dog. Insomnia hits the majority of people in middle or late life -at a time when strenuous outdoor exercise is just a memory. Girls and boys who go in for sports seldom have to worry about not sleeping soundly; physical fatigue is always conducive to healthy slumber. If you aren't sleeping well, and if your daily outdoor exercise consists of walking to and from a bus stop, try jacking it up by a brisk walk for half an hour or more, some time during the day. Take over the duty of walking the dog each night before you turn in. A few turns around the block will do you as much good as the pup-and it makes an excellent time for quiet thinking. You yourself are the best judge of how much exercise you need to be pleasantly tired. If you must take your daily dozen indoors, be sure to stand in front of an open window and breathe in lungfuls of clean fresh air.

Insomnia is never fatal. Lack of sleep is more exasperating than harmful. It will make you nervous and jittery, but the danger of permanent harm is very slim. There are hundreds of people who carry on year in and year out with seldom a full night's rest. When you go to bed, don't try to force yourself to sleep. If you close your eyes, set your jaw and tell yourself that you MUST go to sleep—you're likely to lie there, wide-eyed. Fool yourself into believing you really don't care much. After all, you're warm and comfortable and it takes only 8% more energy to stay awake in bed than to sleep, so an extra hour spent there should make up for the loss of shut-eye. Tell yourself you're determined to read at least three chapters of a book you find exceedingly dull-there's a high probability that your eyes will close before the end of the first chapter.

A bedtime snack. Several hours should elapse from the time you eat a heavy meal until you go to bed. Rich foods, tea or coffee are too stimulating for the average person just before bedtime. Those Dagwood sandwiches, so tempting in the comics, are apt to cause your tummy to rebel at having to work so hard while the rest of you is loafing. On the other hand, a glass of warm milk and a few crackers or a dish of breakfast food will help draw the blood away from your brain and make it easier to fall asleep. If, however, you've been indiscreet and enjoyed a hearty tuck-in, a half teaspoonful of baking soda in a glass of milk or water will ease the discomfort of indigestion.

Hair and face routine. Long rhythmic strokes of your hairbrush will act as a nerve soother. Creaming your face and neck in slow circular movements will also have a soporific effect. Take your nightly beauty routine in a



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leisurely way with plenty of time to slow down your thinking process.

When you finally get into bed and turn off the light, concentrate on relaxing each member of your body—one at a time. Start with your fingers, let them go limp; then your arms, your neck and your trunk, and on down to your legs and toes. This is a definite exercise and needs plenty of practice. In your mind, have a picture of a cat curled up on a hearth, as relaxed and boneless as wet spaghetti—then try to do likewise.

Pamper yourself. It's almost impossible to go to sleep if you suffer from cold feet. Treat yourself to a warm foot bath and rub your toes briskly with a bath towel to beat up sluggish circulation. A warm, not hot, bath, and a hotwater bottle snuggled against the small of your back are all aids to drowsiness. Bedclothes should be light — don't weigh yourself down with two or three heavy blankets. The room you sleep in should be cool and fresh but with no iey blast driving directly at your head. A good airing before you get into bed and then sufficient fresh air sifting in will keep the room at the proper sleeping temperature.

Those midnight blues. It's a fact that even small problems grow to enormous proportions when you waken in the night and start rummaging in your mind for something to worry about. Next morning those same troubles will often melt like icicles in the sun. Therefore it's a fine idea to refuse to face any unpleasant thoughts between the hours of midnight and dawn. Tell yourself, "I'll think about this tomorrow after a good night's sleep."

Fear of illness is a nasty waking nightmare. During the night watch nearly all of us experience dread of illness, or ruminate on the symptoms of various ailments. If worrying about your health is a reason for insomnia, it is ever so much wiser to settle the matter by having a medical checkup. The chances are that your fears are groundless and, if they aren't, something will be done about it. When you see your doctor it will give you an opportunity to talk over your insomnia-and find out how seriously he views it. Lack of sleep to a mild degree is nothing to be alarmed about. But if it causes you to feel constantly jittery and irritable, your doctor may prescribe sleeping pills as a temporary measure. But remember: drugs are only a crutch to lean on for a short time. They are often habit-forming and if you take them regularly you'll need increasingly large doses to be effective.

Let's face the fact that insomnia is a bad habit which each of us must lick in our own way—not by drugs but by a more leisurely way of life, by sufficient mental discipline to be able to spin down when bedtime comes around, and by remembering that sound, restful sleep is both the reward and the preparation for a full day's work.

"I have the answer for Uncle Harry!"



to find his picture in a place of honour ... but

I know how fussy he is—never misses a trick!

So out of the linen cupboard come my precious

Colonial sheets and pillow cases. He'll like their crisp, smooth finish, and I can just hear him saying to himself: "Hrrmph! Ted's wife is a sensible young thing!"

want right away, don't be discouraged—you'll get it eventually—just keep on asking for it.



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A Good Sleep

by Adele White

O FEEL young—to have a relaxed and carefree face—sound, healthy sleep is your most important ally. It is one of the finest lifts you can give to your looks bringing an upsurge of new vitality each morning and a keener zest for living.

Most of us, at one time or another, have experienced sleepless nights—those hours from midnight to dawn when we've tossed restlessly, feeling like a youngster's top, wound too tightly and unable to run down. Next day there are circles under our eyes, a down droop to our mouth and tension lines etched on our face.

To miss an occasional night's rest is not serious. But the time to take action is when sleeplessness shows signs of becoming a fixed habit—when nerves are constantly high-strung. On the following page we've lined up various causes for insomnia, together with their antidotes.



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her own ticket. Be sure you . . .' "Write the right one?" said Fran.

"Yes. You're pretty darned lovely, you know. A lot of men will try to . . "I know," said Fran.

"Of course you know," said Dick, "they probably already have. But what I'm trying to tell you is that . . "I know what you are trying to tell

'said Fran.

me," said Fran.
"Yes," he said, "I suppose you do.
By the way," he said then, "nothing ever came of that other thing. You know that guy you . . ."

" said Fran, "nothing ever came "No,

"Well," he said, "it's probably just as well. You were much too young."
"That's been my trouble," said Fran.

"Trouble?"

"Being much too young. I was born five years too late."

"Five years?"

"Well, more or less." "But I don't see . . ."

"Skip it," said Fran.

THE MUSIC stopped but, instead of taking her back to Neil as he had always done before, he led her quickly out through French doors onto the club veranda.

They crossed the veranda and walked down the steps and turned and walked through the moonlight toward the ninth

green.

It was a warm night and very still. There was moonlight but no stars. For a while they walked side by side, not touching each other, and then Dick slid his arm through her arm and his left hand closed over her right hand.

It was the nearest he had ever come to touching her intimately. Except for dancing with her, he had never really touched her at all. Their steps matched so exactly that it was as if there was only one person walking across that closely cropped, velvet-soft grass, away from the clubhouse, into the moonlight. The music had started up again and it floated out to them through the partly opened French doors. But their backs were to the lighted windows. It was as if they were alone in a soft, dark, sccret world, drenched with moonlight.

"I wish," thought Fran, "that we could just keep on walking like this, forever . . . just the two of us . . . never stopping . . . his hand on mine, my fingers clinging to his . . . not talking . . . just being."

But finally he spoke.

'Fran," he said, and stopped.

"Yes?"

She turned her head and looked at him, and the moonlight was shining straight into her eyes and when she looked at him, she loved him so much that it seemed as if it might stick out all over her. She loved him so much that she ached with loving him, and how he could walk there beside her and not

know . . .
"What is it?" she said.
"I don't know," he said. "I . . .
look," he said, "I'm all mixed up about

you some way. I . . ."

"It's all right," she said. "It's just that I . . . that I took too long to grow up."

"Of course," he said slowly, "that's what you meant when you made that crack about being born five years too late.

"Yes," she said, "that's what I meant.'

A sob caught in her throat and she

wrenched her hand away from his and turned and started running away from him back toward the lighted clubhouse.

"Fran," he said, "wait . . ."
But she hadn't waited, she hadn't stopped, she had kept right on running, and he had stood there and let her go. And that next day she had gone off to college without seeing him again and when she came home at Christmas time he was away in barracks and when she came home the following June he had been sent overseas.

BUT NOW he was home again, and she was dancing with him, and it was all beginning over again . . . only it hadn't really stopped, not for a minute . . all the time he had been gone, she had gone right on loving him . . . all the time he had been gone, he had been more real to her than the boys she went out with, the boys she danced with and kissed good night because you had to kiss them good night, you had to let them make love to you, at least a little, or they would think you were queer . . .

The music stopped and all the people on the dance floor began to move automatically toward the bar, and Dick said, "Would you like a drink?" and she said, "No . . . but I'll go with you while you have one," and he said, "I don't want one." Then he said, "Let's go outside."

They went out through the French doors and across the veranda just as they had that other time, and he slid

his arm through hers and they walked across the ninth green into the moon-

"Where I've been," he said suddenly, "a guy has a lot of time to think. I used to think about you, Fran. I thought about you a lot. Once I even started to write you a letter, but then I thought better of it. After all what good would it do to write, 'Dear Frances, I am married to Virginia, but I seem to be in love with you . . . 'a thing like that is better said than written. Besides," he said, "three years is a long time . you might have met someone. I told myself you probably had met some-

"Well," she said, "I didn't. That is," she said, "I went out with a lot of boys, but none of them were . . . well, what I mean is, I went out with them, but that was all there was to it."

She said then, "Aren't you going to kiss me, Dick?" and he said, "Yes, of course, I'm going to kiss you . . . that's what I brought you out here for." And he put his arms around her and bent his head, and they stood there and kissed each other in the moonlight.

They kissed each other and she felt perfectly happy and perfectly relaxed. She didn't feel any sense of guilt, and she didn't feel any sense of disloyalty to This was something that dn't enter into at all. This Virginia. Virginia didn't enter into at all. was something entirely between Dick and herself.

But no kiss can last forever, no matter how perfect it is, and this one didn't. And once it was over, the magic was broken, and there was no longer just the two of them. There were the two of them and there was Virginia, and suddenly Dick was talking of her.

"It isn't as if she weren't a nice girl," said Dick. "She is a nice girl, and none of this is her fault. She loves me and she's waited for me and it hasn't been much fun . . . now that I'm back she

* Continued on page 52

CUIEX

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kitchen and more on the table in the breakfast nook.

"I'm sorry it doesn't look better," Dick apologized, "but a lot of people dropped in last night after the dance and Ginny hasn't had a chance to clean up. The upstairs is rather upset, too, I'm afraid. Perhaps," he said, "you'd better wait to see that when Ginny can show it to you."

"Isn't Ginny here?" asked Fran.

"No," said Dick, "she isn't. She
..." For a moment he paused, and then he shrugged and said, "What the heck, Fran! I may as well tell you the truth. We had a row, and she took the car and drove off. She'll cool down after a little and come back. It isn't the first row we've had, and it probably won't be the last." He lit cigarettes for her and for himself and then he said, 'Shocked?'

"No," said Fran, "should I be?"
"I don't know," said Dick, "but I should think that probably you ought. After all we're supposed to be very much

"Aren't you?" asked Fran.

"Of course we are," said Dick, "which is why most people would think . . ."
"I'm not most people," said Fran.
"No," said Dick. "you're not. You're

Epitaph for a Belle

Do not buy her a marble stone,

Away this empty ivory vase.

Life as a swift adventurous river-

Oh, she would sit along the shore

She dappled pretty rosebud toes

No, do not buy a marble stone,

For one who never really liked

Within the brackish slime,

So permanent and strong

Anything for long!

It is too thick to seal

She never liked to feel

She never liked to swim

The high tide rushing in!

And for a little time.

Across the estuary to meet

By EUNICE MILDRED LONCOSKE

a very sweet, intelligent girl, and I'm, well, I'm fond as the devil of you. What about your own love life?" he asked then. "Any serious love affairs?"

Fran shook her head.

"What about Neil Baker? He seems to be giving you quite a rush."
"No," said Fran.

"But there must be someone," pro-tested Dick. "I mean you can't have gone all this time

without . . ."
"There is someone," said Fran.

"But you don't want to talk about

"No."

"Sorry," said Dick, "I didn't mean to try to force any confidences . . ."
"That's all right,"

said Fran, and she turned away abruptly and walked

quickly out of the house. "Wait," said Dick, "don't go. If you go now I'll think you're sore.'

"I'm not sore."

She smiled at him but she kept right on walking down the flagstone path toward her car.

THAT WAS the only time during the summer that she was ever entirely alone with him. She saw him, of course. Nearly every day. At the beach, swimming. Or walking along Main Street. Or at the club. Or next door at his mother's house. But there were always other people around. Once in a while, of course, during that summer he' danced with her. But not often. And never more than once during an evening. surprised most of her friends that he danced with her even once, because

Dick and Virginia had their own crowd and they didn't exchange dances with anyone else. But once in a while when Steve Kenyon, or one of the men who always came stag, danced with Virginia, he would walk across the floor and ask her to dance.

At first they wouldn't talk. They would just dance, their steps matching perfectly, her fingers cool and still in his. rhen after a while, he would say, "How's tricks? How's everything going?" and she would say, "Everything's going fine. Just fine." Or perhaps he would say, "Having fun, Fran? Having yourself a nice summer?" and she'd say, "Having lots of fun, Dick. Having myself a fine summer.

Once he said, "Saw you swimming at the point, yesterday . . . that's a nice overhead stroke you're perfecting . . ." and she said, "Yes, I'm working hard

She had known he was there and she had known he was watching her and she had deliberately shown off for him. She felt a little ashamed about it now, but proud, too, and happy . . it took so little to make her happy where he was concerned, so pathetically little. She would go around in a sort of glow all week just because he had danced with

her tonight and said he'd noticed her swimming . . . It was the last

week end in September before he danced with her again. She was leaving the next day for college. If hadn't danced with her tonight, she thought she would have died. Her hands, all the evening, had been cold as ice, and each minute that had passed without bringing him to her side had cut a new little notch of pain into her heart. Tomorrow she going away. night was her last night. If he didn't dance with her tonight, it would be months before he would come close to her, touch her,

And then he did come. He crossed the floor and smiled at her and took her in his arms. They danced for a while, her heart pounding like a wild thing in her breast and then he said, "What's new, Fran? With you, I mean?"

again

She shook her head. "Not a thing, Dick."

"Nearly time for you to be leaving, isn't it? For school, I mean?"

"That's right. In fact, we're driving down tomorrow . . .

"Mother and dad and I." "Oh, yes, of course.

There was a little silence, and then he said, "You've been away to school, Fran, but college is different. You'll be invited to a lot of house parties, to week ends at other colleges, men's colleges . . . have fun, Fran, but not too much fun . . . A girl can just about write Amatter of TASTE SOFFEE



A Walk in the Moonlight

Continued from page 8

That September her mother, who was a little worried about her, she didn't know exactly why, told her father that she thought it would be a good idea to send Frances away to school.

So all that next year she was away.

Shortly after she came home in June there was a dance at the country club, and a boy named Neil Baker asked her to go. She had a new dance dress—pale blue with yards of misty blue tulle skirt and a halter top. The halter top saved it from being too young-looking. If it had had sleeves it would have been just another blue tulle dress. But it didn't have sleeves. Neil sent her a corsage of dark red roses and she washed her hair with castile soap and dried it in the sun and pushed two deep waves into it and let it turn under against her shoulders.

When she was all dressed she looked rather breath-takingly lovely, and her mother told her so and so did her father, and when Neil saw her, he was practically speechless.

But still she didn't know. Still she wasn't sure. She wouldn't be sure until she walked into the club and saw Dick

To My Valentine

A house to keep,

Reminders to feed the fishes

But not too many dishes.

And bathe, and train.

Food to make delicious.

This housekeeping job

But please, not so many dishes.

If only you'll help with the dishes.

Beds to make,

Curtains to hang,

Children to clothe,

I'll settle for floors

And good wishes.

I don't mind being

Your Valentine.

To polish and shine.

And thank you for love

Rugs to sweep.

By ELIZABETH MONAHAN

... or rather until she walked into the club and Dick saw her. Then she would know. Then she would know whether she had really grown up beautifully or just grown up.

She knew as soon as he looked at her that she had grown up beautifully.

She knew by the way he started to call out her name casually as he danced past her with Virginia and then stopped and whistled softly, his eyes narrowing with swift appreciation. She knew then.

HE DIDN'T dance with her right away. He didn't dance with her until almost midnight. He danced with Virginia and his own crowd first. But

then he danced with her and at first she was so nervous, so painfully tense and self - conscious, she could scarcely breathe, and the music retreated crazily and became just a distant throbbing noise and the floor seemed miles away and she didn't know whether she was following him or not. It was that bad. It was that crazy.

But she must have followed him all right because presently he said, "You dance like an angel, Fran." And then he said, "Why did you take so long to grow up? If you hadn't taken so long, we could have had lots of fun together."

She said, "I know. And I did hurry, out . . ."

"But what?" said Dick. He was laughing at her and none of this meant anything to him and so she couldn't tell him the truth. She couldn't say, 'But you didn't wait . . ."

As a matter of fact she didn't have to tell him anything because instead of waiting for her to answer him, he said, "By the way, you've never seen our new house... why don't you drive out tomorrow? We've got some people dropping in around four . . ."

She said, "I'm going on a sort of a picnic with Neil Baker, Dick, but I could run out in the morning if that's all right with you and Virginia."

She was a fool to go on with it, and she knew it. The thing to do was stop now. He was five years older than she was, and he went around with an entirely different crowd and it would be easy enough to avoid him if she really wanted to. The trouble was she didn't want to. She was in love with him, and no one else, no other boy, was the least bit important to her and she knew she was going to continue to see him as often as she could possibly manage it.

He said that tomorrow morning would be fine and they left it that way, and the next morning she took her father's car and drove two miles out into the country to where Dick had built his new house on a little rise of land with a copse of silver maples behind it and a nice view of the lake in front of it.

It was a small white salt box with a

red door and smallpaned windows and a stone fireplace. It looked awfully new and a little unfinished, and you could tell that the filac bushes had just been planted on either side of the door and that the grass sods were still too new to cut very close.

Dick was watering the lilacs with a garden hose, and he turned it off when she drove up and went to meet her.

went to meet her.

"Hello," he said,
"I was afraid you weren't coming."

He smiled at her, but right away she knew something was wrong.

She got out of the car and they walked together up the path to the house and she said, "It's awfully nice, Dick — the house, I mean—and

it must be wonderful living out here in the country,"

"It's all right," said Dick, "when you have a crowd around, but when Ginny and I are here alone, well, it gets a little lonely. I guess," he said, "that we should have thought of that sooner. But dad offered to build us a house for a wedding present, and I'd always thought what a swell location this would be for one, and when I brought Ginny out and showed it to her, she liked it, too."

showed it to her, she liked it, too."
"But now she doesn't," Fran thought, a quick ache in her heart, "now she finds it lonely . . ."

They'd reached the door and now they went inside, and the living room was very gay and colorful with a lot of maple furniture and flowered chintz, but the whole place needed a good dusting and cleaning, and there were dirty dishes piled up in the sink in the



New everything for you—with new EHEN YU
nail lacquer and lipstick

It's romance-packed, this new color creation . . . Firefly, the first singing scarlet that nails and lips have ever worn. It has the never-quite-still elusive something of the firefly—a glitter, a glow that's more than fascinating, and oh! how importantly fashion-right for now!

Firefly Smart Set (Lacquer, Lacquerol, Lipstick) \$2.15

Firefly Lacquer (with Lacquerol) \$1.00 Firefly Lipstick \$1.15





No. 1861, the bolero suit, and more important than ever this season. This design, a three-piecer (blouse, wrap-around skirt and front-scalloped bolero), will take you right from spring to fall. Line your bolero with the same print as blouse.

(1882 and 1865) and easy, generous sleeves.

No. 1882. Here's your shortie coat, with full raglan sleeves, a must during the next few months. It's tucked at the back waistline, centre-seamed, with inverted pleat released

No. 1862. Today's lines in a classic cardigan suit: deepened armholes, a longer V-d neckline (for stock or ascot) and definite nipping in at the waist. Have the jacket contrast with the skirt which is front-pleated, in four sections.

No. 1865. It's a dressmaker suit which looks like a dress. The lined jacket, princess style, has back peplum in bustle effect, the skirt is cut in four panels. A wonderful spring dress . . . a perfect summer suit!

For pattern details and instructions for ordering please see page 39

Mon. thru Fri.-C.B.C. Trans-Canada

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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



These Are Good Mixers



BRIGHTEN the spring season with some of these gay co-ordinators! Wear them with your new spring suit... or use them to revive last year's models!

No. 1868, two versions of a lovely little blouse with flattering shaped yoke. Make one in a bold, vivid print, like black, yellow and red, with push-up sleeves. Go demure in another of dotted Swiss!

No. 1536. Run up a couple of gilets . . . one of dashing plaid, bow-tied, another with a high-frilled dandy ruffle. You'll need

two, at least, for those early spring days when a suit's the thing.

No. 1795. Fabric hats are news this spring! Grosgrain, taffeta and jersey are very good. Try one of these smart, easy-to-follow styles, one a side-sweeping beret, the other a draped pillbox.

No. 1412. Here are two important, highlighting accents for those strategic spots, your throat and waistline. A scarf, made of five contrasting sections, is centre-knotted. The midriff belt may be embroidered or brightened with nailheads or sequins. No. 1867. The quickest blouse ever made . . . a peplum poncho! And it ties to fit . . . first the back and then the front (see lower sketch). Wonderful for travelling . . . a mere nothing to whip up, and easily laundered.

No. 1877. Here's the old stand-by, the classic shirtwaist, with new curves and fashion angles: raglan sleeves and slightly more front fullness. Indispensable for wear with suit and slacks.

For pattern details and instructions for ordering, please see page 39

Are you in the know?



What's best for keeping earrings bright?

- Colourless nail polish
- Ammonia and water
- Elbow grease

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely-if you treat those metal earlobes to a thin coating of colourless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish.

And at Kotex time safeguard your
daintiness with the additional protection of Quest, the powder deodorant
specifically developed for sanitary
napkins. Quest
absorbs moisture and
destroys odour com-



A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's

- Wedded to flat heel shoes
- A frilly dilly
- Posture perfect

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it!
"Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun fussy, frilly clothes. Above all, never he a stoop droop. You'll look smoothest if you're posture perfect. Poise comes too when you rout the panicky little cares of problem days with the assured comfort of the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's so dainty, light and secure that there's never a hint to disclose your secret... never a doubt to disturb your assurance. Each

Housekeeping in the Dark

Continued from page 28

"talking books" are a great source of pleasure. These are full-length books, both fiction and nonfiction, which are recorded on discs and can be played on a machine very like a gramophone. The first Christmas after she lost her sight, her family gave her one of these disc players, and it has been a constant joy to her heart and an antidote to boredom. Listening to a talking book is just like closing your eyes and being read aloud to. About 30 discs complete a novel.

Mrs. Smith also spends many evenings playing cards with her husband and friends. She uses special decks of cards with Braille markings in the cornersand as each player puts down a card it is named so she'll know what is played.

Radio, of course, is a great boonespecially when the stations on the dial are marked with raised dots to facilitate operation. Concerts and church activities, in the company of husband or friends, are happy excursions outside.

When she talks about her loss of sight,

Mary Smith makes no attempt to gloss over the hardships involved. She admits that each household task takes two to three times as long and is infinitely more arduous. But it seems to her that the very fact she can run her own housethat her normal activities have been so little curtailed—is almost a miracle.

To family and neighbors and visitors permitted to watch her full cheerful life, there appears, however, little of the miraculous about it. Rather, it demonstrates one woman's determination, strength of character, and patience to solve a personal problem that could have overwhelmed her with its tragedy. And it brings into significant focus the remarkable services for self-help which a great Canadian organization-the Institute for the Blind-has set up to assist every sightless person in the Dominion. +

Pattern Descriptions

Pattern Descriptions

1868—Misses' and women's blouse. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16, short sleeve blouse: 1% of 35", 39" or 41". Contrast: % of 35", 39" or 41". Three-quarter sleeve blouse: 2% of 39"; 2% of 41". Price, 25 cents.

1536—Misses' and women's dickey. Small. medium, large. Medium, left: 1% of 35" or 39", 1 of 44" plaid material. Right: % of 35"; % of 39" or 44". Embroidered edging: 1% of 22". Price, 15 cents.

1795—Misses' and women's hat. Simple to make. Sizes 21, 22, 22%, 23. Size 22, top: ½ of 35", 39 of 39" or 54" with or without nap. Felt: 13" x 45". Ribbon: ¾ of 4½". Bottom: % of 35", 39" or 54". Felt: 21" x 36". Lining: % yard of 35" or 39". Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1412—Misses' and women's accessory set. Simple to make. Small, medium, large. Medium, scarf: ¾ of 35", % of 39" or 41" length-wise striped material. Centre: ½ of 35", 39" or 41". Ends: ¼ of 35", 39" or 41". Belt: ¾ of 35" or 39". W of 35" of 39" or 41". Belt: ¾ of 35". 39" or 41". Belt: ¾ of 35" or 39". Is of 35" or 19 in dium, large. Medium: 1% of 35" or 1% of 39" plaid material. Price, 25 cents.

1877—Misses' and women's poncho blouse. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16, long sleeve blouse: 2½ of 35" or 39" length-wise striped material. Centrasting collar and cuffs: ½ yard of 35" or 39". Bow: % yard of 3". Price, 25 cents.

1861—Misses' and women's bolero with wrap-around skirt and blouse. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16, long sleeve blouse: 1% of 35"; 24 of 39" or 41". Short sleeve blouse: 1% of 35" or 39". Bow: % yard of 3". Price, 25 cents.

1882—Misses' and women's coat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16, 14 of 39"; 24 of 39". Price, 25 cents.

1882—Misses' and women's coat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16, 14 of 39"; 14 of 39". Price, 25 cents.

1882—Misses' and women's coat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16, 14 of 39"; 14 of 39". Price, 25 cents.

1882—Misses' and women's coat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16, 14 of 39"; 14 of

Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through Chatelaine Pat-tern Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Are you in the know?



How can you leave at your dating deadline?

- ☐ Tell the crowd Dad insists
 - Say you need your beauty sleep
- Say you need your beauty sleep
 Mention an early A.M. appointment

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time.

At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that don't show...that prevent revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party...a smoothie from the word go!



How should you cope with hickeys?

Squeeze with fingertips Cover with heavy makeup Cover with hed

You're all set for next Saturday night, and horrors!—a hickey rears its ugly head. Never squeeze pimples. Just dab with antiseptic and let them alone. Unless they're chronic, needing medical care, they'll soon disappear on their own power. Well-scrubbed skin gathers few blemishes. And bathing's especially important if you'd be clover-sweet on certain days. And if you'd have peace of mind, the exclusive safety centre of Kotex means extra protection, and rids you of problemday worries.



After making an introduction, then what?

- Follow through
 - Let them take it from there
 Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. You get lasting comfort... more poise per hour!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



For refreshment CANADA DRY

WHENEVER YOU'RE THIRSTY!

Enjoy the thrill of Canada's sport . . . the zestful excitement of skating . . . and afterwards, serve Canada's drink . . . the golden delight of Canada Dry. Its champagne tang has a flavor you love . . . makes good food taste even better. It quenches thirst faster, it cheers and it satisfies . . . yes, for guests or your own enjoyment, serve Canada Dry, the champagne of ginger ales.

Buy a few bottles today—in any of the three convenient sizes.

Serve well chilled.



How Many Coats in a Year?

More than one?

No girl on a budget should consider buying a coat that can't do triple-season duty... over your suit and dresses this spring... swinging into summer with light-colored dresses and slacks... then back into fall.

Study our new shortie with its lovely full sleeves, button-wristed cuffs and full swing back. It's in basic navy. This type of coat, being a three-season affair and an every-day-and-night accompaniment, must be a good one, and will be another major investment.

For Office and Date

And cool summer days: your basic dress is terribly important. It is the outfit you're going to depend on a lot; it must be in your basic color (navy here). It's the dress that goes in businesslike fashion to the office, lights up with jewellery for date time any season, and is your "good little dark dress," absolutely indispensable for those darkish summer days. It must give service 12 months of the year. We suggest a good-quality rayon that you know will wear well.

Print Pickup

Wear a pretty print right now as a special date number . . . a girl needs bright spots in her wardrobe as well as in her life! Don't go overboard in the price, for there are plenty of inexpensive buys around . . . and you won't be wearing it year round like your basic number.

But watch that color harmony! It's awfully easy to go completely mad about a gay print that will shudder with your chosen colors! Ours is light cocoa, flowered modernistically in navy. If you get a two-piece style, like ours, the tunic

doubles with your suit. This dress you'll wear off and on all summer too.

Color in Your Life

A casual bright-colored rayon crepe makes a vivid change for the office, takes you on to your favorite spectator sports, or to the bowling night, say. This sort of dress will fit into summer holidays anywhere you go, in a casual and natural way. Because it's just an occasional number, keep your expense down. Ours in Kelly green runs around \$13.

The Complete Treatment

More than likely you won't buy everything at once . . . perhaps you can work with last season's wearables. If it's an entirely new line-up, you start, as we see it, with your suit, then add other items as your salary permits, week by week.

We skip formals, with just this tip: If you must buy one, see that it goes with your shortic coat . . . and don't sacrifice the rest of your wardrobe to an expensive one. A print blouse is pretty smart with a long navy dinner skirt . . . while you save for THE formal, next fall.

The rule is: stick to colors that love you; lines and styles that suit you. If dolmans do you wrong—forget them! If trickery in shoulders and sleeves is needed, then that's for you!

This we do urge, don't wear any of your new togs without proper accessories. Let this new wardrobe be the foundation for at least the next three seasons' purchases.

Sure you get tired of black or brown or navy! But what you never, never tire of is the sound of those words—sweetest of all music to any woman's ear—"You always look so perfect!" 4

Is the Church Letting Youth Down? Continued from page 13

the family life as the many other projects in which they all take part, together. Margaret Nichols' mother, who is a practicing physician, was chairman of the Girls' Work Board (Canadian Girls in Training) and Margaret is first president of the newly organized Hi-Y (YWCA senior girls' group) in her city. So it goes.

They know the minister as an individual, as well as a half-hour voice from the front of the church. As with 90% of young people interviewed across the country, they feel that he is the key factor in the attendance—or non-attendance—of young people at church. And the churchman who garners in the easily spotted, natural leaders of the adolescent population of his community has caught his rabbit.

But how is the church head—frequently overworked, busy with the general functioning of his office and the activities of his congregation-at-large—to do this?

"It's his personal interest, really, that you sense. The feeling that you can talk to him when you're worried about what you believe, or can't understand. Like creation and atom bombs; or the Bible miracles and the scientists," one earnest teen-ager said.

"Then there's the business of being preached at," another suggested. "Every-

where else things are simple and personal and just aimed at you. Like at school, and on the radio and in magazines and movies. At church the sermons seem to be about a thousand miles away from your own worries and problems. Couldn't ministers just talk things we know, instead of using such big words about such big subjects in such a big voice?"

Another Councillor looked thoughtful. "When it comes to radio, couldn't we have more religious programs for young people? I mean, young voices talking things over—or messages written especially for the teen-age crowd?"

Several were worried about bigotry and intolerance among many of the older church adherents.

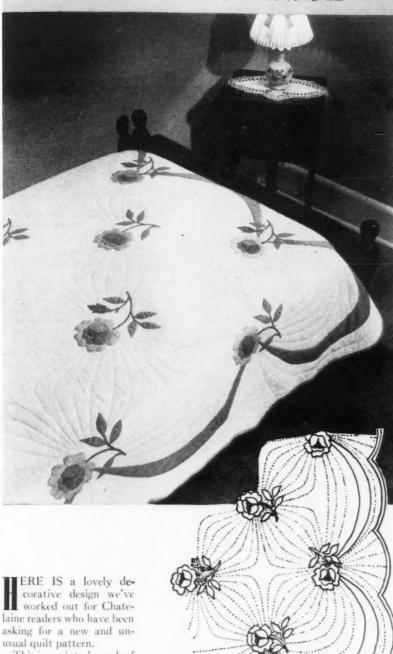
"Too many sects attach importance to trivial details," offered one girl slowly, feeling for words. "They take a small incident in the Bible and make it the object of great controversy, overlooking the main truth behind the story. If churches would concentrate on their likenesses instead of differences, I think religion would become more of a driving influence in our lives."

One youth group in Halifax invites university classes to their meetings and thus brings more young people to the church; a second "adopted" a missionary and became personally acquainted with the foreign mission work of their church. Another unit is working on the idea of "pen pals" among

* Continued on page 74

Chatelaine's New Quilt:

Rose and Ribbon



laine readers who have been asking for a new and un-

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This is a winter's work of patience and careful sewing, but when the last tiny quilting stitches are done, and the border neatly bound and finished, you will have a beautiful quilt to be prized as a family heirloom.

Our finished sample is of white broadcloth, appliquéd with roses in light, medium and dark rose, the leaves in rose-leaf green. Rose-and-bud motif is used on body of quilt, and rosewithout-bud on the scalloped ribbon border, which repeats the medium tone, as does the binding.

The actual quilting, an unusually attractive pattern and easily done, is suitably designed to harmonize with the roses and to cover the surface between the motifs.

Just as a living room picks up its key shades from an eye-catching painting, so may a bedroom scheme be done around this rose-strewn quilt. For instance, if blue's your color, applique the three-toned roses to pale blue broadcloth. Match the blue in your walls, have curtains or drapes in medium rose, your scatter rugs in deep rose.

Yellow roses on very pale green would provide an excellent starting point in yet another color scheme.

Complete instructions (for cutting, assembling and quilting, single or double size quilt) may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S158. Price 25 cents.



Keep your hair always smooth, chic and lovely with wonderful ного-вов bobby pins. They're invisible in the hair, strong yet flexible, gentle as a lover's embrace. Rounded-for-safety ends won't catch hair, because they slide in smoothly. And Hold-Bob





OVER-DRY SKIN WILL CHAP QUICKLY... but this rich concentrated lotion will soften and fully protect your hands. Quickly relieves roughness and chapping • Here is the lotion your hands need. Campana's Italian Balm gets right down to the business of protecting your skin day by day, all through the cold-weather months. You can always depend upon Italian Balm. A few drops daily is sufficient for both hands, and note how fast your skin softens up, directly you start using Campana's Italian Balm. Apply this lotion regularly to avoid dry skin, roughness and chapping. Use it for elbows and legs, and on the children's hands too. Four sizes: 25é; 35é; 50é and \$1.00 Campana's Italian Balm Suddenly, spring styles are here . . . to figure importantly in the life of a clothes-loving young careerist . . . or to lure her into choices that are not most likely to succeed. Here's a practical wardrobe plan for a budget-with-a-ceiling!





All garments and accessories courtesy Simpson's, Toront

out minimum essentials for the benton-a-career gal who must always be well-dressed. We think it's just about foolproof. Here it is with approximate prices:

Woollen suit, around \$45; best hat, around \$12, extra hat \$3; best shoes, around \$9, extra shoes \$5; bag, around \$15; gloves \$1.50 a pair (2 pairs); basic dress, around \$25; coat, around \$35; print dress, two-piece type, around \$18; casual dress, around \$13.

This is the basic wardrobe to which you will add (if you haven't them

already) an extra blouse or sweater, and some tricky inexpensive jewellery.

Cling to Your Colors

Our co-worker emphasizes (and we've said it before) . . . the first goal: CHOOSE YOUR COLORS AND STICK BY THEM! "And," she reminds you, "if your clothes go to work, your basic or predominating color must be a dark one!"

Navy, brown or black are best basic shades, and once you decide which is for you, don't weaken for an irresistible little pet out of your own color zone!

Shades of Spring

Because navy is bigger news than ever for spring '47 we chose it as our basic color in all items that work day and night, season in and out. Gocoa and Kelly green, high-fashion leaders coming up, are our second and third shades for spice and variety.

Follow Suit

If you study the clothes of the best-dressed women executives you know . . . or do some spying-out of the fashion tactics of most-likely-to-succeed careerists . . . you'll find at least one, if not several, suits in their wardrobes.

Our formula calls for one good woollen suit to be purchased as early-on as your budget permits. If you wait till April, you won't get the wear from it you should. Because it has to take plenty of wear, it should be a major investment. A cheap poorly made suit is a bad buy.

We chose our wool crepe suit in cocoa



NEWEST EDITION IN PRINT, a two-piece type with tunic blouse and taper-pleated skirt. For wear before crocus-timel CUTAWAY SHORTIE, with full swing back and beautiful big cuffed sleeves. In navy wool.

(if you want to be *very* practical, you'd take navy!). The jacket, in the new longer length, has tiny gold buttons in double-breasted effect, pointing up widened softened lapels.

Juggling a Suit

On the preceding page, you'll see just how versatile this suit can be.

First version shows it city-street style, accented in navy . . . the "best" hat, solid navy in felt and taffeta . . . bag (adjustable shoulder strap) . . . platform shoes, all of navy calf, and short navy gloves.

Secondly, our suit goes to the country for the week end with a pert Kelly-green derby (successor to the good old beanie!) and low cocoa wedgies. As well as the navy rayon blouse shown, a turtle-neck navy tuck-in sweater would be a nice item to take along. Coin bracelets are cascaded from a wide leather belt which does a neat waistnipping trick.

Lastly, the suit skirt turns glamourminded with top of a print dress (below left) doing double duty as tunic blouse. We used fob jewellery to catch up the edge of the tunic blouse in a new interesting, above-the-waist swoop. The bag strap is adjusted to ordinary length for a more dressed-up look.

The Terrific Trifles

The minute you start your wardrobe scheming, whether you buy all in one grand gesture, or start off with the suit only, you must plan your accessorizing items.

For this is your big chance to tie every-

Photographs by Arnott, Rogers & Sauer





thing together with a beautiful flourish in the way of terrific trifles. It's so painfully easy to go haywire and have the whole scheme blow up in your face if you aren't firm-minded here!

We suggest:

Purse, definitely a shoulder-strap, adjustable to ordinary strap type. Keep it dark and basic like our navy calf one which will wear like iron, never shabby up with age. These are not low priced. But smart gals buy good purses.

Shoes, one good pair, basic color, plain enough for office, high-styled enough for any occasion except strictly

formal. You'll need another pair, more casual than a walking shoe, to wear with your suit, for spectator sports and with slacks. Ours are cocoacolored, strapped wedgies.

Your hats . . . two because you can't get along with just one hat! One in basic color, of excellent quality felt, should be your "best," and among your first purchases. Then, as a change-about, try a bright derby, like ours in Kelly green, for a colorful, naughty nineties air!

Two pair of gloves should be included in your basic color; in fabric (in line with your budget). Have one pair short, the other long glamorizers.

DERBY WINNER, a casual green rayon crepe; bodice back-pleated to correspond with action skirt. The little derby is in matching Kelly green.



"For you alone" ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB WEDS

They met at a wedding . . . now it's their wedding! Sparkling Woodbury deb, Denyse Quintal of Montreal . . . happy-happy man, Jean T. Vien. For her creamy-bloom skin, Denyse adores Woodbury Facial Soap. Made extra-mild for the skin alone! Yes, a true beauty soap!



Bride made debut at St. Andrews Ball . . . was then featured as a lovely Woodbury deb. For her wedding-day-glow Denyse says, "It's Woodbury care today, as every day!"



Beauty-cream ingredient used in Woodbury Facial Soap makes it extra-mild! Such creamy lather, divine for sensitive skin. A beauty treatment in cake form! Try it—you'll see!



Her look-lovely date. "My Woodbury Facial Cocktail!" says Denyse. "I apply creamy Woodbury lather, then rinse. Skin's smooth, lovely. And he says the result is ravissant!"



Music and cooking. In both hobbies, Denyse stars. "My smoothest recipe," she vows, "is a luscious Woodbury Facial Cocktail?" Yes, girls, it's Woodbury for smooth skin-appeal!

(MADE IN CANADA)



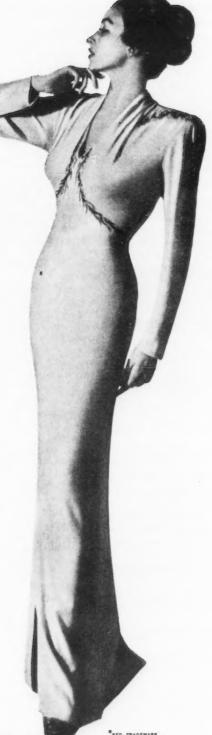
FIGURES in

flexees



Clorifying your figure to the sleek, rounded, modern look. It's the magic of a Flexees girdle...

And the bosom beauty of a Flexaire bra in the new Pulchra Design.



FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations



PRING has arrived in the fashion world! And now's the time for a budget-minded career gal to take the long-range view before starting off on a buying binge.

That cover-girl look is not something that just comes naturally! The really smart-looking smoothie is usually one who has learned the hard way, the time-

consuming way, to use her head and not her heart when she spends that hard-earned cash.

Her basic wardrobe, tuned to ber way of living, right to the last little accessory note, includes no one-and-only occasion items. Pretties that would sulk with the rest of her clothes she leaves where they belong . . . in the shops . . . and you'll never find

ber stranded at a season's end without suitable togs (or the wherewithal saved to buy them) to take her into the next season!

Starting From Scratch

One of our young Canadian fashion experts worked with Chatelaine on a basic spring wardrobe setting



Let Noxzema nurse Chapped Hands

How Popular Formula Soothes, Helps Soften and Heal Faster!

Painful chapped hands are actually tiny cuts... or skin irritations that need healing! Care for your chapped hands as thousands of nurses do—with soothing, medicated Noxzema Skin Cream.

Actual tests by physicians on scores of people prove NOXZEMA helps heal chapped hands faster—quickly helps restore red, rough hands to normal soft loveliness.

NOXZEMA is a snow white cream —dainty and greaseless—can be used

day and night. Millions use it regularly as a "first aid" for blemishes, to help reduce large pores, for chafing, minor burns, windburn and many other skin irritations.

Get your jar of NOXZEMA at any drug or dept. store counter today!



17¢ 39¢

59¢

him helping Mom into her fur coat, you also seemed to see him helping a lot of other women into theirs. You saw a lot of other women turning happily around to let him see the backs of their hats. It made Pete mad to think of Mom being just one more of them.

"Can we drop you off anywhere?"

"Can we drop you off anywhere?" Mr. Seldon asked Pete.

"No, thanks," Pete said, feeling uncomfortable. None of Mom's other friends had ever been so polite. Cripes, he thought in annoyance as the door closed, how could you hate a guy like that?

THE NEXT day was Saturday and Pete's morning for sleeping late. This he usually managed to do; in spite of the fact that his cot was in the hall and Mom had to squeeze past it on her way to the kitchen. On this particular Saturday he woke long after she had gone to the office. He pulled on corduroys and the awful sweater, consumed an orange, three bowls of cereal, some toast, and a few doughnuts, then went out.

It was nearly two when hunger drove him home again.

"Is that you, Pete?" Mom called from the bedroom. "Fix yourse!f some eggs, will you? I'm busy."

There was something in her voice that stopped him in the bedroom doorway. Mom was just closing her suitcase. As the lid went down, he caught a glimpse of bright blue.

"Petey, you'll never guess what's happened! Mr. Kent has to go to New York on business and Miss Crabbe is sick so he's taking me! I'll be back Monday morning and you can eat your meals out—there's some money in my top drawer. And Mrs. Jervis says if you're lonesome or need anything, you can come over to her apartment—"

Pete looked down at her gay blond hair as she bent to lock the suitcase. Mr. Kent was Mom's boss, and if he needed a secretary and Miss Crabbe couldn't go, of course he would have to take someone else. But it seemed funny that Mr. Kent should want to get to New York on Saturday night, when all the offices would be closed. And why was Mom calling him Petey again? Why did something seem screwy?

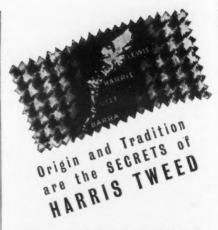
Mom jumped to her feet and pulled her white satin blouse out of the closet. "New York!" she cried blissfully. "I thought I never would see it!" She bumped into a chair.

Pete stood very still. He knew now what was screwy. That blue thing in her suitcase. The only bright blue garment Mom owned was her evening dress. Now why would she need an evening dress to go to New York with Mr. Kent? Mr. Kent was a married man in his sixties, and at the office they said that when he stayed out till 10.30, he thought he'd made a night of it.

Mom was making an awful mess of getting dressed in a hurry. She dropped her powder puff on the floor and upset her box of bobby pins. She even put on the wrong stockings and had to take them off again. Finally she gave Pete a push.

"Go fix yourself some lunch," she told him. "I'll never be ready in time with a big thing like you in the way."

Pete wandered into the kitchen, found the eggs, and cracked one in a bowl. That blue evening dress and a business trip with Mr. Kent—it just didn't make sense. Of course he could find out why she was taking it if he asked her...



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Within two seconds after you take it, genuine Aspirin actually starts to go to work, to bring you



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to disintegrate in two seconds! To see this for yourself, drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and "clock" its action. Remember—what it does in the water it does in your stomach. Hence, you get remarkably quick relief. Buy Aspirin

Always ask for genuine

ASPIRIN

He broke another egg and spilled it on the table. While he was scooping up the mess, Mom came in. She didn't seem to notice. She was wearing her fur coat and the red hat, and she smelled of some new kind of perfume.

"Petey, you can reach me at the Hotel Dalton—" She kissed him, and her cheek felt hot. "There's the bell—must be my taxi—I'll have to run—"

She didn't even ask him to carry her suitcase downstairs for her. She just grabbed it and went.

In the suddenly silent apartment Pete sat on the kitchen stool and looked at the eggs. For some reason he was no longer hungry. He began to wish he had never seen the blue evening dress. Maybe he had just imagined that he saw it.

He walked down the hall to Mom's room. The blouse she had worn to the office lay on the bed and stockings dangled from the back of a chair. The pictures of Grandpa and Dad on her dresser looked at him through a film of face powder.

Pete opened the closet door and unzipped the bag where she kept her best clothes. The evening dress was gone.

Now what was she going to do with that dress in New York? The places where she'd wear an evening dress weren't places where Mom would go alone.

Pete found himself in the living room. He looked at the empty spot against the wall where they used to have a big radio, till Mom found she couldn't make the next payment. He looked at the slipcovers she had dyed when she suddenly wanted green slipcovers. It was too bad she hadn't found out first what happened when you tried to dye printed stuff. But Mom could never wait.

Pete remembered that she had bought the blue evening dress to go dancing with Mr. Seldon. His hands began to feel cold.

He went into the hall and picked up the telephone book. Then he put it down. Better just forget he'd seen the dress. When Mom came home, she'd tell him why she took it.

He got as far as the kitchen door. Then he went back. He hated himself, but he looked up the number of Mr. Kent's home and dialed it.

"Is—is Mr. Kent there?" he asked huskily.

"Yes, but he's taking a nap. Could you call him later?"

Pete managed to get the telephone back into its cradle. It took him quite a while to find Mr. Seldon's number.

The soft voice of Mr. Seldon's colored man answered him. "Nossuh, Mr. Seldon he's out of town. Won't be back till Monday."

The telephone slid from Pete's hand and banged on the table.

For a long time he sat there. His mouth was hot and dry. His hands were sweating.

Finally he got to his feet and stumbled back to Mom's room.

He looked down at her blouse on the bed. He touched it. Then he crushed it into a ball and flung it on the floor.

At last the anger died, but then it was even worse. His shirt was damp against his back and he felt weak and sick. That was when he noticed Grandpa watching him from the powder-flecked frame on the dresser. He remembered what Grandpa had said.

After a moment Pete picked up the blouse. Carefully he spread it out on the bed. It was small and soft—like Mom. Mom needed a man to take care of her—that was all. She wasn't the kind who could take care of herself.

JUST FOR an instant there was a great emptiness inside him. A last sick moment of longing for the days when Mom had known everything and always been able to tell him what to do.

He put that aside. There was nobody to take care of her now but Peter Hilliard. It was his job.

But what could he do? By this time she would be on the train—it was too late to stop her. A man like Grandpa could follow her to New York and bring her back, but Pete didn't have enough money. And nobody would lend it to him without asking questions.

Of course he could send a telegram. He could have it waiting for her when she reached the hotel that evening. But what kind of a telegram would bring her back from New York—tonight? Perhaps the death of a friend or relative... but who was going to die so conveniently? Even if they did, Mom might wait till tomorrow. Try as he would, he could think of only one circumstance which would bring her back on the next train. He, Peter Hilliard, would have to need his mother.

Slowly he reached a most unpleasant conclusion. Something would have to happen to him.

Well, what would it be? Should he fall downstairs or step in front of a car? "Cripes!" he muttered, beginning to sweat again. Better not think too much about it now, if that was the thing to do. But was it? Trouble with an accident

But was it? Trouble with an accident was you didn't know how much you would be hurt. And Mom couldn't afford to keep him in a hospital for months.

Maybe he'd better just be sick. But how could he get that way? Glumly Pete wriggled his large and healthy body, unable to find even an ache anywhere. Pneumonia or appendicitis would be just the thing, but he seldom had even a cold or a stomach ache.

Wait a minute! Susie was as healthy as he was, and she'd had a stomach ache from eating two banana specials. Suppose he ate three or four? Suppose he had a pain so bad it might be appendicitis?

Pete couldn't think of anything better, so he headed for the kitchen, to see what he could start on. He'd heard that doughnuts were indigestible, though he had never noticed it, and he ate the three that were left. In the ice-box he found half a large cucumber, and he dimly remembered hearing something about cucumbers. He ate it,

Taking some of the money from Mom's top drawer, he left the apartment. At the nearest ice cream parlor he ordered a banana special—three scoops of ice cream on a halved banana, chocolate sauce, whipped cream, nuts, and a maraschino cherry. He absorbed it rapidly and ordered another.

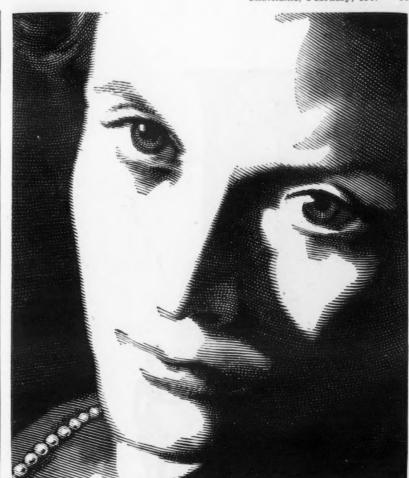
When he ordered a third, the waitress called the manager.

called the manager.

"Look, bud," the manager said. "If you want to kill yourself, go someplace else. I don't want to be mixed up in it."

Pete went to the drugstore at the next corner and just for a change ordered a butterscotch banana special. But even the new flavor didn't make it taste quite right, and he had a feeling that he

♣ Continued on page 59



doctor... If it's catching, how

am I going to keep it from spreading all through the house? In a big hospital, of course, you can take all sorts of special precautions, but at home..."

In fighting infection in your own home, learn from the hospital. Modern science provides you with a powerful weapon against the germs that cause so many all-too-common infections. In the leading maternity hospitals in Canada, and in almost every hospital in the British Empire, doctors, surgeons and nurses protect their patients, and protect themselves, with 'Dettol'. And 'Dettol' is at your own drug store now!

Strange as it seems—here is a highly efficient germicide, tested and proved in literally millions of cases—and it is non-poisonous; it does not even stain linen.

Thus, 'Dettol', so deadly to germs, is kind to you. On the cut or

scratch that may fester, in the room from which infection may spread, on your own hands when you act as nurse, use 'Dettol', as hospitals do.

When you are the Nurse

HANDS Before and after treating a wound or attending to an infectious case, wash your hands with a 5% solution of 'Dettol' in water (4 tablespoonsful to one quart of water).

LINEN Sterilize bed and other linen by soaking it in 2½% 'Dettol' (4 table-spoonsful to half a gallon of water).

utensils and sanitary appliances should be sterilized by immersion in $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ of 'Dettol' (2 tablespoonsful to 1 quart of water).

BATHING When washing the patient in bed, and when bathing yourself add 'Dettol' to the water.

MINOR INJURIES Clean the injury and surrounding skin with cotton wool or gauze dipped in a mixture of a tablespoonful of 'Dettol' with a tumblerful of water; then cover with dry gauze or lint.

DETTOL

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Wish I had time to keep things so sparkling!

FRAN: But it takes no time at all—with a cleanser that doesn't leave dirt-catching scratches.

KAY: Oh, come on, Fran! What have scratches got to do with fast cleaning?

FRAN: Everything! They catch and hold on to dirt and make you scrub and scrub. That's one reason I always use Bon Ami on bathtubs and sinks. It works without grit-just slides the dirt away, but fast!

KAY: Sounds good. But I still don't see how you get such a shine on every-

FRAN: Because Bon Ami polishes, too. Leaves a satin-smooth finish that's easy to keep clean.

KAY: Okay, okay, I give in! And if Bon Ami will only leave my hands looking half as nice as yours, I'll never use anything else.

Bon Ami is perfect for all cleaning-sinks, bathtubs, windows, mirrors, pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.



Housekeeping in the Dark

Continued from page 15

housekeeping. He made a wooden box just large enough to hold a loaf of bread the box had a slit in it at one end for the bread knife to slice straight and true with least danger of finger cutting. He also built another wooden box to hold a pound of butter with knife slits to measure half-pound, quarter-pound, etc.

In spite of every precaution, however, minor catastrophes are bound to occur almost daily. But Mary Smith has learned to accept them philosophically -can even laugh at some of her mishaps. One day she made johnnycake batter, wiped out the baking dish with a cloth, then was called to the phone. When she returned she poured the batter into the dish, popped it in the oven and baked it -cloth and all! Another time when guests came to spend the evening, she made what she thought was coffee, but it turned out to be boiled cereal because the bags were the same shape.

One of the serious dangers to a blind housewife is fire. Just before her accident Mrs. Smith bought a new gas stove. Rather than discard it, the home teacher taught her to use it with comparative safety: she lights the match with her right hand, turns on the gas with her left, then passes the match over the burner until she hears the gas light. Very soon she was able to judge the height of the flame by holding her hand high above the burner to feel the heat.

Scalding is another hazard. It is a rigid rule in the Smith household that the spout of the kettle, the handles of pans and saucepans be turned inward.

Another potential danger lurks in the bathroom medicine cabinet. If possible Mrs. Smith waits until some member of the family is available to hand her whatever bottle she needs, but, as an added safety measure, all bottles containing poison have sandpaper around them.

THE BURDEN of housework is considerably lightened by employing a cleaning woman once a week to wax floors, run the washing machine and do the fussy ironing. Mrs. Smith finds she can wash the children's clothes by hand -though she's apt to overscrub them to be sure no dirty marks are left. Ironing flatwear is not too difficult. Mending was awkward at first but now that her sense of touch is highly developed she has grown quite proficient at darning and hand sewing. A special needle-threading device and a hand guide have been added to her power sewing machine.

Most of the shopping is done by telephone but, as a special treat, once or twice a week, kindly neighbors call for Mrs. Smith and guide her through traffic to the shopping district. Clerks in the stores are very helpful about discussing and suggesting various items for sale that day. Added to the satisfaction which every woman feels when she herself selects food for her family, it also gives Mrs. Smith a chance for an outing. One of the great hardships, she finds, in not having sight, is the feeling of isolation. Because she is more confident in her own familiar surroundings, she is apt to spend most of her days within the four walls of her house,

But spending the greater part of her life at home is not as bleak as it sounds. When her housework is finished there are various ways of relaxation.

♣ Continued on page 39



What happened when I LOST 38 POUNDS!"

-as told by MRS. ANN WEIR of EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

WHEN I WAS MARRIED," says Ann Weir, "I weighed 127 pounds, But after I had my fourth child, my weight went up to 166. I read reducing diets, tried reducing exercises—but no results! Those exercises just put on muscle!

"For two years I'd read about the DuBarry Success Course but feared it would be expensive. When I found how lit-tle it cost, my husband gave it to me for Mother's Day, My doctor approved, and in six weeks I lost 22 pounds; kept on and lost 16 more . . . right where I needed to lose them. Off came 9" from my abdomen, 6" from my waist, and 6\\(^1\)2" from my hips!

'So here's what happened when I lost those 38 pounds: I regained my slender waistline, I wear my clothes with assurance, I have more energy-and I look ten years younger.'

HOW ABOUT YOU?

Maybe you don't need to lose 38 pounds. But whatever your need, the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair and use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Dela-field at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Today it's important to be at your best. When this Course has meant so much to more than 300.000 other women and girls, why not find out what it can do for you? Just use the



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Miss Mrs.			
Street			

Strawberry Rash

Continued from page 15

then he looked away. "Got a new hat, haven't you?" he growled.
"Is it pretty?" she asked eagerly.
"It's okay," Pete muttered.

He was remembering the way Dad used to look at her when she was all dressed up like that. As if she were something very special. Something that might break if you didn't take good care of it.

Mom was watching him. "What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

Pete felt that question boiling up inside him again. This time he couldn't

stop it.
"Mom, are you going to marry Mr. Seldon?"

Mom's face seemed to fall apart. For a moment she looked almost scared.

Then she took a deep breath, "What in the world," she enquired in a bright little voice, "ever gave you such an idea? Why, he hasn't even asked me to marry him!"

"You think he's going to?"

Her cheeks red-"Of course dened. not. Carter Seldon isn't the marrying kind. He likes being a bachelor-

"Told you that, did he?"

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Mom gasped. She stared at Pete as if she'd never seen him before.

"Don't be ridiculous!" she cried. "What do you know about things like that? You're only 16."

Pete stood quite ill. There was still. something hot and angry inside him.

Mom looked at him again and her face changed swiftly. "Petey hadn't called him that for years. She knew he hated it. "Petey, I'm just having a good time. I can't work in an office all day and stay home every night and never have any fun, can I? You wouldn't

want me to do that?"
"Heck, no." Pete shuffled his feet and looked at the linoleum. "But-

"But what?"

He knew it was the wrong thing to say. He tried to keep it back, but the words poured out. "Mom, couldn'tcouldn't you sort of look around and find somebody more-more like Dad?"

For an instant the kitchen was so silent that he could hear the hum of the electric clock over the sink. Mom was just standing there, with her eyes very big and her hand at her throat.

At last she said, "There aren't any more like your Dad. I-ought-to-

Then her chin jerked up. "But that doesn't mean I'm going to stay home and just be somebody's mother for the rest of my life! Maybe I'm not as young as I used to be"-her voice was rising-"but I'm still pretty! And as long as people want to take me out, I'm going to go, even-even if they don't-She stopped abruptly. "Petey, I'm through waiting around for somebody like your father. I'm going to have as good a time as I can, and you might as well get used to the idea!"

Pete's voice was lost somewhere and he had to grope for it. "Sure," he muttered. "Oh, sure."

She glanced at him and her eyes softened. "You're getting to be just like your dad. I believe you actually think I can't take care of myself!"

The doorbell rang quickly and sharply the way Mr. Seldon always rang it. Pete was glad of an excuse to get out of the

"Go powder your nose, Mom," he said gruffly. "I'll let him in."

Mr. Seldon blew in like a gust of fresh sea air. He was newly shaved and freshly pressed, and his shoulders looked almost

too good to be true.
"Hello, Pete." He laid his spotless grey hat on the table. "How's every-

VILLAGE EPITAPHS

By FRANCES FROST

The Schoolteacher

between her class in heaven

and her grimy little devils

teaching her pugnosed cherubs

The Hired Girl

The General Storekeeper

His lean-shanked ghost still tells

She mopped the floors and scrubbed

she scurries

how to add

how to spell.

the milking pans

a hundred farms

her lonely arms.

his bolts of cloth.

outrageous tales

a nether stove.

and clove.

and tended babes in half

She has at last her own

small house to keep

and a dark lover for

Among his barrels and

to other cromies 'round

he had the tang of cinnamon

and that in hell,

Still merry-eyed though ruler-backed,

"Everything's okay, sir," Pete said. Mr. Seldon pulled

out his cigarette case and gravely went through the motions of offering it to Pete before he took one himself.

Pete watched him he flicked his lighter and blew a puff of smoke toward the ceiling. He had to admit that Mr. Seldon was nice to him. Faced by all this cheery friendliness, Pete could hate himself for the thoughts he'd had about the older man. Yet he knew that when Mr. Seldon was gone, he'd have the same thoughts again.

Mom tripped in. "Hello, Carter. ler voice sang. "Hello, Janet. Say, that's quite a Let me see the back."

Let me see the back! Pete thought

disgustedly. As if Mr. Seldon gave a darn about the back! But the guy was good, because that seemed to be exactly what Mom had been waiting for. Now she was turning around slowly, giving him the full benefit of the three little feather bows and the veil.

"Shame on you!" Mr. Seldon smiled at her. "Did you have to wear a red hat

Pete supposed it was the way he said the last word that did it. Mom's cheeks were pink with pleasure. Mr. Seldon always said it just right. And Pete couldn't help feeling that he must have had plenty of practice.

Mr. Seldon didn't look at Mom the way Dad had either. Pete wondered whether she had noticed. It wasn't that he disliked Mr. Seldon, he told himself again. It was just that when you saw

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... give gentle Castoria!



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When you know the trouble is "Childhood Constipation" . . . when your baby's happy disposition turns into whines and tears-why not do the wise thing?

Give him Castoria. It's so gentle and mild, yet it works thoroughly and effectively. It won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives -which may be too harsh -Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

And Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without forcing

Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.





The Trouble with Papa

Continued from page 22

"Certainly you may ask. I'm afraid I'm referring to your father, the elderly Mr. Corey.

"What about my father?" asked

Chester in a little voice.
"Carrying on," said Mr. Jamesson ominously. "And when I say carrying on,' I mean it the way Blackstone would have meant it had the phrase appeared in his 'Commentaries'! I mean raising high-jinks with a young girl in a public eating place, in the presence of Carter Simms, president of the International Feed Company, one of our most profitable accounts. It won't do, Chester. I tell you, it just won't do."

"No, it certainly won't," said Chester weakly. "What happened?"

"Merely this. Your father came into the Gold Room of the Empire Hotel yesterday at lunchtime. course, what the Gold Room is at lunch time—a veritable hotbed of conservative businessmen. Well, sir, Mr. Corey-the elderly Mr. Corey, I'm referring to-came waltzing in with a loudly dressed girl on his arm, ordered lunch with champagne, banged on the table and shouted at the waiters and had a gay old time of it while the better element sat aghast. The wonder to me is that this scandalous conduct hadn't already reached your ears. However, I can see from your expression that it comes as a considerable surprise."

"Don't interrupt, Chester. I'd advise you to find out who this girl is, and cut the romance short, or I shan't be responsible for the consequences here at Jamesson, Kindall, Corey & Novak's.'

"Do you mean to imply that my father is having a love affair with a woman?"

"I said no such thing, Chester. This was a girl. Of perhaps 17 or 18."

Chester's neck had turned pale. "I'll investigate the matter thoroughly, you may be sure of that. In fact, I think I'll let the Barnsfeather papers go this afternoon. In fact, I don't feel as though I could concentrate on them just now. But I'll be back tomorrow morning with a full report of this business, Mr. Jamesson. Good day, sir.'

CHESTER HURRIED home as slowly as he could, torn between a desire to know the worst as soon as possible and a desire to put off learning the worst as long as possible. When Hazel saw him, she cried out, "Chester, you're ill!"

"I only wish I felt that nice," he said

"What's the matter?"

Chester told her what the matter was. He told it graphically, and with gestures. Some of his words ran off-color. "Well, where is he?" Mr. Corey demanded.
"I haven't seen him since this

morning," said Hazel. "Chester, there must be some misunderstanding. Papa simply would not do such a thing to us."

"Why not? He's spent 10 years training for it." Chester went to the window and stared out tragically at the large clematis that overhung his garden wall. "This is the sort of thing I always dream of when something I eat gives me up in a cold sweat, groaning that Papa's having a love affair with some young girl. It was bound to happen some time. Nightmares don't lie."

"I just don't believe it," said Hazel. "Your faith in human nature is touch-

ing, my dear."

'Well, I'm not a lawyer, but I think a man should be given a fair trial before he's condemned."

"This is the end of me," said Chester calmly. "You understand that. Fifteen years of my life gone up the flue. This finishes me at Jamesson, Kindall, Corey & Novak's. I might as well begin looking about for something else to do. I always thought if it came to the worst, I'd like to have one of those jobs going about the parks with a sack and a stick with a nail on the end of it."

"Chester!"

"Luckily we have our war bonds."
"Chester, please!"

"Honor thy father and mother, it says. But what does it say about a father who runs around raising highjinks with an 18-year-old adventuress? Let's hope at least that I've sufficient means to buy her off. Well, where's Papa got to anyway?"

I don't know. He's been gone all afternoon. In fact, now that I think of it, he's been away for the last three or

four afternoons."

"Where's Sylvia?" "Yes," said Hazel. "Where is Sylvia? She hasn't come home from school, and it's almost five. Dear me! Monday!" 'Maim?"

"Have you seen Sylvia?"

"Ain' seen hide ner hair of her, no maim.'

"Has Mr. Corey Senior come in?"

"Ain' seen hide ner hair of him, neither, no maim. Fack is, I been so took up with scrapin' red paint upstairs that I ain't seen anything much o' nothin'.

"All right, Monday. Thanks." The door banged in characteristic fashion. "Sylvia! Come here at once." "Yes, mother. Hello, daddy."

Hazel Corey took her by the shoulder. "Sylvia, where have you been all this

'Me?" said Sylvia.

"Who do you think she's talking to?" interposed her father. "Whom, rather." "I'm not allowed to tell. It's a secret."

Chester said, "If you don't speak up promptly, there won't be any secret about the kind of spanking you're going

What's the matter, mother? Is something wrong?" Sylvia looked from

one to the other of them. "Why are you home so early, daddy?"
"Sit down," Mr. Corey ordered. Clasping his hands behind his back, he walked up and down in front of his daughter. "I'll tell you why I'm home so early, young woman. I'm home early because your grandfather's involved in another one of his disgraceful escapades. And what's more, I'm positive you know all about it."

"Me, Papa?" said Sylvia innocently. Dramatically pointing his finger at her, he cried, "Where were you all afternoon? Out with it!"

'I can't tell, daddy. We all made up that we wouldn't tell till the scenes was finished. Gramp said—" Sylvia put her hand to her mouth.

"Okay." Chester Corey drew the belt from his trousers. "Come along with me, young lady. We're going upstairs.'

"I forbid you to use that strap on my daughter," said Hazel firmly.
"Well, find me a better one, then," said Chester. "This hasn't got much heft to it anyway."

The doorbell rang loudly, and to Sylvia it was like a reprieve from the gallows. "I forgot my confounded key," said Papa, tossing his white locks back

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over his forehead.
"How many times have I told you, father, not to go out without your hat?" Hazel demanded.

"I don't remember," said Papa. "The longer I live the worse my memory gits. And now I've got to learn over a hundred lines letter-perfect." Taking a folded typescript out of his topcoat pocket, he opened it and recited: "'Another oil well jist come in, Henrietta. Your granddad is rich! How about you and me goin' out and celebratin' in one of them night clubs, hey? Let's bust this here town wide-

"Have you gone insane?" Chester demanded.

"No," said Papa. "Why?"
"Tell me this," said his son slowly. 'And I want a plain, direct answer. Who is that woman-that young girlyou've been wining and dining and carrying on with in the Gold Room of the Empire Hotel?"

"That's Henrietta, my granddaughter. She has the leading part."

The what?"

"In this here play I'm in. I guess I forgot to mention it." Papa flipped the pages of the typescript. "A mighty interestin' piece. I tell you, the kids nowadays do these things right."

"Papa, you're driving me crazy.

"Can I tell now?" said Sylvia.

"Sure," said Papa. "We finished up

all our outside stuff this afternoon. That was a mighty convincin' scene we rehearsed in Madame Thibeau's beauty parlor where Henrietta was havin' her hair done. Jist like at the Gold Room, everybody thought it was

"Henrietta, said Sylvia. "Gramp means Cloë Anderson. Henrietta's only her stage name in this play that Gramp's in. He plays the part of a rich millionaire with a lot of oil wells. It's most fascinating. They're gonna give this play at Lyceum Hall and charge people to get in, and all the scenes haff to be rehearsed out in public to make them more re-relistic. That's what Jimmy Simms says, who wrote this play. Jimmy Simms's father, he's the one that owns the International Feed

Company."
"Then that's the bilge that Cloë was rehearsing the night we went to the Andersons'." Chester was stunned. "Do you mean to stand there, Papa, and

tell me you're acting a part in that play?"
"It's a kind of a hidden talent," Papa murmured modestly. "I guess that's what you'd call it, a kind of a hidden

"He's wonderful, mother. In this

scene where they call up and tell him he's rich-

Chester slumped down in an armchair. "Papa, this is the end. The final and absolute end. Do you realize that you were observed rehearsing your asinine play at the Gold Room by half the population of Pleasanton? Do you realize I was called on the carpet this

afternoon for a royal dressing down?"
"How could I?" said Papa. "You only jest told me."

Hazel said, "Well, after all, Chester, it wasn't quite as bad as it sounded."

Mr. Corey pessimistically cupped his chin in his palms. "I don't know but what I'd prefer to be thrown out of the firm bodily as the result of an honest-to-goodness scandal than to be made the laughingstock of Pleasanton and hold my job."

"Chester always was a difficult boy to please," Papa volunteered. "I've already begun to dread the

thought of going to the office in the morning. What Jamesson's going to say, when I tell him this, is something I'd rather not try to imagine."

It didn't take Mr. Corey long to learn. In the morning Mr. Jamesson called his junior partner into his office. look well, son."

"Do 1?"

"Let's get right down to brass tacks, I've told you before, and I believe I possess the faculty of making myself clear, a firm such as ours must cater to its clients both professionally and socially if we are to progress. Clients, for instance, like Carter Simms, president of the International Feed Company."

"I wanted to explain-" began Chester.

"Please be good enough not to interrupt. Here are 50 tickets for some kind of a fool drama this Jimmy Simms wrote. Old Carter's convinced his son's a genius. Um-ah-perhaps you've had some intelligence about a play from the,

ah, the elderly Mr. Corey."
"Yes," said Chester. "That's what—" "Well, there's no help for it. We're expected to dispose of 50 tickets to the danged thing. Here." He handed Chester the packet of tickets. "Divide 'em up around the office. Do anything you want with em, Chester. We can't afford to offend a concern like the International Feed Company. And . . .

Mr. Jamesson hesitated. Yes, Mr. Jamesson?"

The head of Jamesson, Kindall, Corey & Novak rose and patted Chester affectionately on the shoulder. "Um remind me some day to tell you about my father, Chester. Especially that time the old boy got himself engaged to a ballet dancer in Paris. A great old gent, my father," sighed Mr. Jamesson reminiscently. "A great old gent." 4

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TELL, BY THIS time we're comfortably into 1947, with the making and breaking of resolutions behind us and a nice long peaceful year ahead—I hope, I hope.

Sleet and February in these parts seem to go together like roast chicken and cranberry sauce, and I'm telling you right now that this is *not* my most favorite season. But I find that even this bad-tempered month can be cheerfully borne when the beech logs burn with a big cheerful flame and a jigsaw puzzle takes my mind off the blizzard.

Another nice thing about February: it's not time yet for spring cleaning. When it comes to washing woodwork, waxing floors, and cleaning out the cellar, my spirit is none too willing and the flesh seems to grow weaker every time I think about the jobs to be done.

I have it all figured out that the year 2000 will be a Leap Year. But I don't suppose it will do me any good.

According to M. F. H.—a knowing lass—hearts are always trump at the Valentine bridge party. Not in the game, you understand, but in the refreshments.

An old-fashioned bean pot makes a handsome vase for masses of flowers or foliage. Or both. But to my way of thinking, a better use is to put some beans in it—and let's have 'em for supper.

There should be a law against making these: sheets without an ample tuck-in . . . aprons without pockets . . . cheese sauce without a nip of mustard . . . envelopes without enough sticky stuff on the flap . . . lemon pie without l-o-t-s of lemon . . . or whoopee without a good and sufficient reason (I don't care what your reason is, but you ought to have one handy—in case).

I read in the Almanac that centuries before this continent was discovered the Chinese were eating spinach. Great people, the Chinese. And bears for punishment.

All stews have the same starting point: bits of meat, a medley of vegetables, an assortment of herbs and spices. But, as every cook knows, the original theme is as capable of as many variations as original sin.

Contrary to what seems to be the general opinion, the compounding of a fine stew calls for a measure of skill and a high degree of appreciation for the delights of the table.

A watch crystal inclined to go on the loose can be disciplined this way: paint the rim with a smear of clear nail polish and press it in place. No more trouble from that quarter.

I didn't find a cord of hardwood under the Christmas tree (though goodness knows I publicized my wishes) but, believe it or not, I did get 30 feet of well-seasoned shelving and I've found a fellow who'll make me a blanket chest. Now if that doesn't renew my faith in Santa Claus!

If, as and when you can get the coconut, mold your macaroon mixture round little hunks of semi-sweet chocolate. Nice.

Heads: Buy yourself the head of a porker and have the butcher clean, scrape, split it; remove eyes, brains. Then when you get it home, complete the cleaning job by scraping the ears, scrubbing the tongue, and giving all the meat a thorough rinsing.

Cover with cold water and put to cook with a little salt, an onion and a few herbs. Simmer till the meat drops from the bones; cool in the stock. Drain, pick meat from the bones, and cut tongue and ears into bits and pieces. Season with salt, pepper, sage, a snip of cloves or nutmeg, then throw in, if desired, a dash of vinegar and enough boiled-down stock to moisten. Pack firmly into bowls, cover, and chill in the refrigerator for a day or two. There now, is Head Cheese.

Tails: Start with an oxtail cut into two-inch lengths. Wipe off and roll each piece in seasoned flour. Brown in hot fat with two or three sliced onions to boot. Now add about two cupfuls of water (or a cup of water and the same of tomato juice), a bay leaf, a few peppercorns, salt, and a wee dash of sugar. Simmer, covered, until very tender, adding more liquid as necessary and vegetables if you like during

Helen Campbell's Page

the last half hour. If you think a nip of sherry would improve matters, don't let me stop you; add it near the last, then remove the meat and thicken the gravy. Call the family and set them down to braised oxtails.

Knit the elbows of a child's sweater on the double and you'll delay the coming-out party.

The marriage of bananas and apricots produces a delicious flavor. Use in a cream pie, l'rinstance. Or mash 'em together—sauce for ice cream.

Snow won't stick to the shovel if you wax the implement before beginning to dig. That's if I can believe what people tell me.

Fellow called Disraeli once said that love and debt are the two greatest stimulants in the world. Understand, I'm not recommending either; I'm just passing his words along.

Lush as a fondant cream, crisp as a tossed salad is this Valentine table: wide mesh white net over a pink foundation . . . a threesome of hoop-skirted china ladies with posies at their feet—tiny nosegays on each napkin . . . pink mints in white comports and heart-y food with a delicate air in tune with the sentimental occasion.

Doughnuts and coffee—a stand-by with a standin for end-of-a-February-evening refreshment.

Maybe if a man sold the car and walked home from the office his wife's cooking would taste more like mother's.

Just between you and me and the gate post, I'm glad nobody has discovered any special vitamin in a pan of chocolate fudge. I like to eat something just because I like it. And when I can get the sugar I will.

True or false: Fish and ice cream should not be eaten in the same meal? I say it's hooey.

Better remove that protective transparent cover from your new lamp shade. It has a shrinking nature and is inclined to bend the shade. I know because I've had it happen.

New days, new ways. I'm glad I've been around this world long enough to see the feather duster and the wash boiler and the sadiron thrown into the limbo. But I don't take kindly to the threatened passing of the dining room. A good meal, to my mind, deserves a proper setting and I don't think a food bar in the kitchen is it.

Two forks are better than one knife for dividing a sponge cake. Insert at the top and pull apart into serving-size pieces. Same goes for angel food.

Spanish proverb: A pig bought on credit grunts all the year.

Speaking of pigs, did you ever try rolling sausages in a half-and-half mixture of flour and dry mustard before frying? If you do it once, you will again—or I miss my guess.

Quick-change artist is the woman who can turn a plain blancmange into a gala dessert. I wouldn't know how you'd do it, but a few fresh-frozen cherries might help.

Now lissen: A little nagging may do a man some good, but you'd better use it as sparingly as garlic in a salad.

Does everybody know that salad greens and raw vegetables for the canapé platter—celery, carrots, and suchlike—improve in crispness if washed and given the cold shoulder in the refrigerator? I'm telling you anyway.

Party line: Spread small crisp crackers with Roquefort type cheese, dip cheese-side down first in mayonnaise, then in chopped ripe olives. But good!

Now isn't that just like a man! I know one who complained so much of "all this stuff about" that his wife put the bric-a-brac in storage. Now, says he, "What's the matter with this room—it looks bare!"

Only thing I ever knew about a mule was that it was mulish. Till I got acquainted with Moonbeam and Crowder in a book called "Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay." Seems that mules are very intelligent critters; they just want to approve of their drivers and be convinced that the job in hand is worth while. George Agnew Chamberlain, fellow who wrote the book, knows his jacks and jennies. But I still like horses; mules are too, too smart. Too darn smart.

This is me—or, I if I must—signing off for now. To throw another log on the fire and try to find that funny-shaped piece which fits the gaping hole in the left-hand corner of the sky. I hope you know I'm talking about my jigsaw.



stream of red was oozing out through the aperture around a pipe that came down from the room above

Hazel shrieked. "Papa's killed himself! Chester, I knew this would happen. I knew it! Oh, you cruel, cruel man!

"Do keep quiet, will you?" touched his fingers to the red liquid, rubbing them together and smelling them. "Paint," he announced. Mr. and Mrs. Corey dashed upstairs.

"I got it jest about mopped up," Papa assured them calmly.

An exclamation of horror escaped Hazel's lips. "That's my good bath towel you're using. What are you doing, father?

Sylvia appeared in the hallway costumed in her nightgown. "I told you it would be nicer if you painted the rocking chair yellow, Gramp. Isn't it an awful color, mother, that red? It looks just

Chester gripped his daughter's arm. "Did you know Papa was painting up here?"
"Oh, sure."

"Then why didn't you say something." "It was supposed to be a surprise."
"I see." Chester chuckled mirthlessly

through his teeth. 'A surprise. Like when they lopped off the king's head, he was more surprised than pleased."

"What's all the to-do?" said Papa. 'Upsetting a can of paint can happen to anybody, especially in this light up in this light up here. Chester, we jest got to do something about better bulbs for these lamps. My eyes ain't exactly what they used to be."

When at last the mess was cleaned up and Chester had tried as best he could to rid himself of the odor of turpentine, he returned with his wife to the living room. "Now I feel better," he said brightly. "Now I can go to bed with a light heart. D-Day is over.

pense, momentarily, is ended. Now I know the worst-

"I wish you wouldn't go on like that, Chester.'

"I don't suppose Papa's any worse than other old folks who have nothing better to do," said Chester caustically. "Well, maybe not. But I'd be more than willing to put up a thousand bucks in cold cash and back him against any competition you'd care to produce. He's inspired."

Hazel, whose loyalty was of the emotional rather than the mental kind, inevitably rose to Papa's defense. "After all, there wasn't any real damage done, Chester.

"No, indeed," he admitted agreeably. "The roof's still on the house. The walls are still standing. I'm going to bed. Are you coming?" And he wandered off, murmuring to himself, "No damage at all," over and over again like a cracked phonograph record.

Sometime later in the week Mr. Corey was deeply immersed in a pile of documents relating to land titles when the buzzer marked "Gordon Jamesson buzzed alongside him. Nuts, thought Chester sourly. What does the old guy want now? It would take him a good hour to retrace his steps through the intricacies of the stack of documents, but the buzzer buzzed again importunately. Okay, okay, I'm coming, he shouted to himself mentally.

"Yes, Mr. Jamesson."

"Ah, Corey."

Why did every stuffed shirt with authority always say, "Ah, Corey," or "Ah, Jones," in just that tone of voice? The head of Jamesson, Kimball, Corey & Novak was an urbane, meticulously attired gentleman of immense physical vigor, who looked like he'd been burnished every morning with steel wool by his valet.

'Ah, Corey. Have a chair."

"Yes, Mr. Jamesson."

"Relax."

RAPSCALLION WIND

By FRANCES FROST

The night-snow muffled the cough

that worried the latch of the kitchen

wind narrowed itself, slipped over

through the threshold crack, and ruffled the kitten,

stirred up the woodfire, flickered the

and slid icy fingers inside our

If we opened the door, we knew it would stamp-

that rapscallion wind with snow in

"You may want to sleep cold, but we want to sleep warm.

You go on straight back to the Pole!" we said.

boldly upstairs and blow into bed.

Unable to push the stout oak in,

of the wind

the floor

lamp.

sweaters.

This was an insult. No one could relax in the presence of Gordon Jamesson. I wonder if I'll ever learn how it's done, Chester wondered.

"Hm," said Mr. Jamesson, perusing an important-look-"Hm." ing writ. This went on for a while. It was a way of recalling to Chester that he was a very junior member of the firm. Finally Mr. Jamesson glanced up and said, "Oh, yes. How are you, Chester?" though he were delighted with his ability to remember

who Chester was. "Fine, thank you." "How are the Barnsfeather papers progressing?'

"Satisfactorily. Quite satisfactor-

"I liked the way you handled the Kemball versus Kemball mess."

"It's good of you to say so, Mr. Jamesson."

"It's not good of me at all. You're an excellent lawyer, Chester. You've been with us 15 years, and I never regretted taking you into the firm." Mr. Jamesson paused the firm." Mr. Jamesson paused meaningfully. "Not until now, at any rate.'

"I don't understand."

"It's a delicate subject, son. I hardly know how to begin. One thing is certain. We do have our prestige to maintain."

"Of course," said Chester.

"Remember this," he went on. "One strives continually in our profession to achieve an impregnable reputation. An attorney, like what's-his-name's wife, must be above reproach. His social life should, and must be, immaculate, otherwise he's a liability rather than an

"May I ask what you're driving at, Mr. Jamesson?" Chester's insides had begun to feel like cold grease.

* Continued on page 26



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to the living room. "Isn't it reasonable to expect a certain amount of decorum from an elderly parent? Papa, I want to

"Yes, Chester," said Mr. Corey, Sr., seemingly flattered by this display of filial interest. "What can I do for you,

"You can behave yourself, Papa," said Mr. Corey. "Don't you realize that these escapades of yours are embarrassing to me? Don't you realize they cause friction in the family? Is it right that Sylvia here should be subjected to this sort of squabble at her age?

The elderly gentleman tossed his white locks in some surprise. recollect aright, them tomatoes was Sylvia's idea. Oh, I mean they was my idea too. It ain't economical to let tomatoes rot on the vines when there's a little money to be made out of 'em.'

"Papa, it isn't a question of money. Your allowance is quite adequate to your needs."

"Oh, it was Sylvia's needs I was thinkin' of, mostly," explained Papa. "I give her the proceeds to buy herself a cosmetic set with."

"A cos-" Chester threw up his hands. Then he bowed like a burlesque courtier to his wife. "Madam, you have my sympathy. Take over."

"Oh, father!" cried Hazel. "Don't tell me you bought this child a box of cosmetics. Really, Papa, you shouldn't have. Sylvia!"

By HAROLD APPLEBAUM

On all this white perfection of the

slope No trace remains of what has passed

Save curving parallels of time and

That trail the mortal to the last.

No gayer flight from life than this-

Suspended on the upturned hand of

From heaven on a bridge of snow.

The world above, behind, below.

Sylvia jumped guiltily.

"Where are they?" "Up in my b-bureau drawer underneath the rabbit that Gramp stuffed for me. All I ever done was put some red on my fingernails. Lots of girls put red on their fingernails and on their face. It's all right, though, mother, because there's stuff in that box that lets you take it all off again."

"Ha, ha," Chester interjected with deceptive gaiety. "Go right ahead, Mrs. Corey, and let her deck herself out in lipstick and rouge and red nails. Don't concern yourself for a moment with what the neighbors might think. After all, Papa's feelings are the first consideration around here."

"Stop it, Chester. Now, father, that wasn't a very sensible thing to do, was it?"

The senior Mr. Corey shrugged apologetically. "I never went ahead and thought of it in that light."
"Come," Sylvia's mother ordered sternly. "Fetch that box of stuff down

here immediately." When the cosmetic set had been disposed of, Mrs. Corey nodded to her husband. "The Andersons called up and asked if we could come over tonight. Their daughter's going to be in some sort of a play and they want

us to hear her rehearse. I said we would," Chester recoiled, "Cloë Anderson spoiled, overdressed school kid?" Mr. Corey, Sr., and his granddaughter

Sylvia exchanged curious glances. "She's a very talented young lady," said Hazel, "and I think she ought to be encouraged. If only my parents had

understood me, I might have become a famous actress myself."

"Cloë-the very name gives me the

"I think we'd better start getting dressed." Turning to Papa, Hazel said, "You won't fall asleep with the light on, will you, father?"

"Me?" He shook his head, but said nothing. What worriers people were.

"I'll give you a game of Casino, Gramp," Sylvia suggested.

"You, young woman, will do your homework, and then you're going to bed," declared Hazel.

Natural-born worriers, thought Papa. Always some to-do about something or other. People were just natural-born

PROBABLY there was some truth in what Papa thought, because Chester devoted the whole next evening to worrying. He came home tired, which set him to wondering in an hour-long monologue just how a certain wealthy client, considering the quality of his intellect, had managed to get rich. Hazel listened with a nicely disguised disinterest, having learned from practice how to nod in the right places. Then he worried methodically down through a whole list of things as though he'd made careful memoranda to keep him from forgetting anything. Finally he glanced up, startled, a harried look on his features. "Where's Papa!"

he cried. "He's gone bed."

"Oh." A world of relief was contained in the single syllable.

"The talking - to you gave him last night must have had some effect," Hazel observed. "All day he's been a model of deportment."

Chester sighed. "He's just lulling us into a false sense of security. It's merely the calm before the storm, the hour be-

fore D-Day."

"Now, that's really unfair of you, Chester. I honestly believe Papa's trying his best to behave. I don't suppose he's any different than other old people who have very little to do. They're bound to get into mischief once in a while, and I think it's our duty to be tolerant toward our parents. Try to remember how much you owe your

"Oh, I do," said Mr. Corey. "If he hadn't forbidden me to take up the law, I might never have worked my way through college and become an attorney. 'That folderol,' he used to say. 'It's just somethin' invented to help people get the best of each other.'" get the best of each other.'

Hazel laughed. "After all these years I still can't tell when to take you seriously. But underneath it all, you're terribly fond of the old man. I know you are.

"I suppose you're right, Hazel." Mr. Corey nodded magnanimously. "Underneath it all, I guess I am pretty fond of him. A great old gent. I— Listen.'
"I don't hear anything."

"There's something dripping somewhere." Both Hazel and Chester got up to investigate. "Seems like its coming from the kitchen." In the kitchen a



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Cream together shortening and sugar. Add egg yolks, beat well. Add egg; beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla extract. Bake in greased tube pan in 350°F. oven 50 minutes. Spread frosting on top and sides of cake.

cups sugar, ½ cup water and 1½ tsps. vinegar to 258° E., (or until syrup spins long thread). Beat 3 egg whites stiff; gradually add syrup, beating constantly, until frosting holds shape. Add few grains salt, ½ tsp. vanilla and ¼ tsp. almond extracts. Tint delicate pink with red vegetable coloring.



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FRY'S RECIPE FOR COCOA FUDGE

1 cup granulated sugar

1 cup brown sugar 1/4 tsp. salt 2 tbsp. corn syrup
3/4 cup milk 1/4 cup Fry's Coco2 1 thsp. butter 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix sugars, Fry's Cocoa, and salt. Gradually add corn syrup, and milk. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add butter. Bring to boil and cook, stirring occasionally, until a few drops form firm ball when dropped in water (234°F). Remove from heat. Cool until lukewarm. (110°F) Add Vanilla. Beat until stiff and creamy. Pour into greased pan. Mark into squares. Makes about 1¼ lbs.



The cocoa with the richer chocolate flavor



The Trouble with Papa

Continued from page 5

Chester. "I just happen to enjoy it." "I'd think you might want to show your daughter an example of proper table manners instead of an exhibition of bad temper," Mrs. Corey observed.

"My temper was fine when I came in here," said Chester. "I'm an optimist. Every evening I return from the office under the peculiar illusion that I've got nothing to worry about." He laughed with the mock sarcasm of a villain in an old-fashioned melodrama. "Ha, ha."

"Personally, I think you're making yourself ridiculous," Hazel declared.
"Just because Papa—"
"I quite agree." Helping himself to a

generous portion of succotash, Chester added with heavy-handed irony, "Just because Papa's been hawking vegetables all over town like a peddler is certainly no reason for a member of a conservative law firm to lose his temper.

I've told you a dozen times, Papa did not hawk vegetables all over town. He just sold some of the tomatoes out of his garden to Mrs. Tomkins for canning."

Mr. Corey removed his glasses and examined them against the light. 'Please stop me if I seem to be harping on it, but I have a position to maintain in Pleasanton. For 15 years I've gone about cultivating every stuffed shirt in the community. I've

joined every club within a hundred miles in the interests of my profession. I spend my money entertaining stupid people who may become clients, I play golf with duffers and bores-'

"Yes, Chester, I know."

"Let me finish. I'm working up to a climax. I slave 24 hours a day at the job of creating an irreproachable reputation, and what happens? Mr.

George Corey, father of the well-known attorney, goes out peddling vegetables from door to door. Yes, thank you, Monday. Some more meat loaf."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill, Chester."

"Possibly. But what I'd like to know is why I even have to put up with mole-It isn't as though this were the first time the same thing had happened. I refer, for instance, to the time Papa went into business partnership with the scissors grinder man. I refer to the time Papa washed our dirty linen in plain view of old Mrs. Sherill next door. refer to the time Papa went around selling raffle tickets-

"To help buy baseball uniforms for the children in the orphan home, please remember," said Hazel. "I think, and I thought at the time, that his motives were perfectly justified."

"To say nothing of the time," added thester, "that Papa answered the ad Chester, for a job as bus boy at the Elite Café. I tell you, I'm getting sick and tired of it."

"I don't see how you can sit there and say such things," declared Hazel indignantly. "Just because he's your own father, you seem to have the idea you can be as cruel and nasty to him as you

"Precisely!" Mr. Corey refilled his teacup. "Who has a better right to be cruel and nasty to him, I'd like to know, than me? Certainly I want dessert," he shouted, startling the maid.

"This is a side of you, Chester, I was completely unaware of when I married

TWO MOODS

By MARJORIE MAJOR

February is a snow-white kitten,

Through sun-drenched days she

February is an untamed wildcat,

Lashing her pluming tail in rage,

Soft fur glistening, deep.

Purrs herself to sleep.

Scratching at the pane:

Snarling down the lane.

tranquilly

"And so now everybody in town will think I starve my father, that I send him out to sell tomatoes, that he has to earn his own living as a peddler."

ALL DURING this exchange of acid sentiments, the distinguished-looking white-locked gentleman sitting between Mrs. Corey and Sylvia continued complacently to eat his food, now and then glancing interestedly from one to the other of the belligerents. His demeanor was a thoroughly objective one, as though he were unaware of the identity of this mysterious third party referred to as "Papa." "Papa," it appeared, was a considerable problem to Mr. and Mrs. Corey, but a problem peculiarly their own. Mr. Corey, Sr., sympathized about equally with the points of view expressed by his son and his daughter-in-law, and therefore decided to remain discreetly impartial.

"Well, I can only say," said Hazel, "that your indignation doesn't seem to be interfering with your appetite.

When Chester had finished helping himself to a second dish of pudding he readjusted his napkin and then laughed. It wasn't a nice laugh at all. 'I can't possibly see how a case of malnutrition in the family would solve any-

"I think you dropped some pudding on your tie, daddy," said Sylvia. "Ha, ha," said Chester. "What's a

tie to me? Papa runs a successful

tomato business, doesn't he? I'm sure he'll be glad to keep his pauper son in ties. At the end of the year I won't have a client left, but with a flourishing tomato trade in the family, what's there to worry about?"

"That's exactly what I've been saying." Hazel got up and went over to her husband and squeezed his shoulder affectionately. "Come on, tell Papa you're sorry and apologize for being so nasty and cruel to him. Be a sport, Chester, and apologize. I know you didn't mean to hurt his feelings.'

"Apologize? What for?"

"Okay." Mr. Corey sighed. "I'm sorry, Papa." "Because it's the manly thing to do."

"What's that?" asked Papa.

"I said I apologize." "Why?" asked Papa.

Chester shook his head. "I don't know. I just do what I'm told. It's a special technique I've developed for

keeping out of the divorce courts."
Hazel beamed. "There. That wasn't so hard. Now we can forget the whole

"But I don't want to forget the whole affair," said Chester as they withdrew



"Who are you?" he asked. "I'm Pierrette," was all she'd tell him. But he'd never forget the touch of those soft hands.

Six months later-Mr. and Mrs. now. "Pots and pans come before antiques," she says-"and Jergens Lotion to keep my hands smooth and soft as when we met."





Mardi Gras. In the Old French Quarter, there was dancing in the streets. Again and again the Pirate danced with Pierrette.

Modern Love in Old New Orleans

She wouldn't tell him her name. Tonight was Mardi Gras and she was just Pierrette. But—"I'll find you," he said, "wherever you go. I'll always know these soft hands."

Chances are strong—she uses Jergens Lotion. Your own hands can be softer, smoother than ever, now . . . protected even longer against roughness and chapping. Jergens Lotion is more effective than ever, because of wartime studies.

Two ingredients in Jergens have such value for skin-smoothing that many doctors use them.

A "must" in your home, too, this finer-than-ever Jergens that soothes chapping in one application. Still 10ϕ to \$1.00. No oiliness; no stickiness.

By far the favorite hand care with lovely women

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. New York models use Jergens, nearly 5 to 1. Big preferences for Jergens among other groups of charming women.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use



Jergens Lotion



Dorothy Burr Thompson, recently appointed Acting Director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology. The terra cotta figurines are from her own private collection — and they range in date from 700 B.C. to 400 A.D. ople look upon archaeology as a romantic hobby,"

In the sometimes murky work of explori

The AMERICAN cartoonist, James Thurber, once sketched two soured males watching the antics of a highly exhilarated young woman doing high kicks in the middle of a party. "She's all I know of Bryn Mawr and all I want to know," is their pithy comment. To this giddy fellow alumna, Dorothy Thompson, recently appointed Acting Director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, bears no discernible likeness. At the same party, Mrs. Thompson would probably have been the dominant member of a rapt group settled in one corner whose conversation was wholly focused on the arts.

As a matter of fact, she has already dominated more than one Toronto party—and the story goes that on one occasion at a formal dinner in the Thompson home she ignored the food completely and discussed ancient art with a kindred authority straight through to the port. Her subsequent reputation in the minds of some correct Toronto hostesses is not an unscathed one, but in the minds of eminently important archaeologists and members of her museum staff, it is firstrate. "You feel a terrific impact when you meet her," a young museum worker told us.

The impact derives from Mrs. Thompson's intense interest in antiquity which, willynilly, she projects into the consciousness of the layman. The fact that she has excavated the graves of men who died thousands of years before Christ, that she has combed the sites of prehistoric towns and dug up the golden drinking cups of kings, all sounds pretty romantic. But this general reaction infuriates Dr. Thompson.

"People look upon archaeology as a romantic hobby," she rages. "It's not! It's a hard profession." Concentrated study and clear-headedness are paramount requisites. "You never know," she frequently tells her university classes fiercely, "when a cesspool will turn into a Bronze Age grave."

Dorothy Burr Thompson, A.M., Ph.D. (Bryn Mawr), is a slight, intense-looking person with alert dark eyes, short bobbed hair and the kind of straight, boyish figure that looks most attractive in tweeds and cashmere sweaters. Her present office at the Museum, which was that of her predecessor, Dr. C. T. Currelly, is a large bright room equipped with a man-size desk, and when Mrs. Thompson talks to you there she's apt to lean back in a seat by a window, prop her feet up on a chair and look you straight in the eye. She doesn't flutter. Her mind moves with staccato swiftness; she speaks positively; and sometimes she makes you feel uncomfortable. This fall, for instance, she made it quite clear that she resents newspaper and radio people who may encroach on her private life-an attitude which has dealt her a reputation for insensitivity in some circles. Archaeologists, however, recognize that this impatience with distractions is symptomatic of a single-minded objective approach which, when applied to antiquity, is one of the major qualifications in the business.

In the sometimes murky work of exploring graves, Dr. Thompson's insensitivity has more than once stood her in good stead. "As I was clearing the grave of a child who had died about a thousand years before Christ," she reported to an older colleague, "with his miniature pots, the leg of his doll, and the bones of his pet animal carefully laid beside him, an American woman descended upon me. 'Oh, let the poor soul lie!' she cried, but I shook my head and placed him firmly in a cardboard box marked 40/1Z."

BUT EVEN Dorothy Thompson is not immune to natural human emotions when she goes abroad to track down bronzes and bones. In 1931, when she went to Greece to join the staff of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, she digressed from the archaeological job at hand to spend considerable time with the fellow archaeologist she subsequently married, Dr. Homer Thompson, now the distinguished Head of the Department of Fine Art and Archaeology at the University of Toronto. In archaeological jargon, Mrs. Thompson will tell you briefly they met "on the dig." But Homer Thompson has no time for inhibitions and will tell the story of their meeting with quiet relish.

"When she arrived," he explained, "I was already on the staff of the school, & Continued on page 64





HEN GRANDPA was alive, the way Mom looked had bothered him. "A woman your age," he'd say, "ought to wear her hair up." But Mom's bright hair still bounced against her shoulders, and it was getting brighter all the time. Pete thought it was pretty.

He ate a doughnut and watched her peeling the potatoes. Mom was a little bit of a thing, grey-eyed, with freckles on her nose. She didn't look much like anybody's mother, let alone the mother of Peter Hilliard, who was a very large 16. As a matter of fact, she was only 18 years older than he was.

Mom blew a lock of the hair out of her eyes and opened the icebox. "Pork chops tonight," she announced, "and maybe some cheese on the potatoes—" She frowned at her son. "Maybe was right! I might have known there wouldn't be any cheese by this time. Where do you put it all?"

"I dunno. It just goes down." He reached for another doughnut.

"You let those doughnuts alone." But she didn't take it away from him. "Just look at you!" she said, trying to sound cross. "Your trousers are too tight and the sleeves of that awful sweater are up above your wrists. If you keep on eating and growing, what in the world will I do with you?"

"What'd you do with Dad? He was bigger than I am."

The smile slid off her face, leaving it suddenly lost and forlorn. Pete could have kicked himself. Even after four years, Mom always looked like that whenever anybody mentioned his dead father. He guessed she must be remembering the way Dad used to grin at her and kiss her hard every night when he came home, and how she didn't have to work in an office then or worry about stuff like bills and paying the rent. Pete

had to do something to make her smile again, so he threw the doughnut in the air and tried to catch it on his nose.

He missed, of course, and the doughnut broke on the floor. But Mom never minded things like that. Her small face crinkled up and she began to laugh. Pete felt better.

Then he noticed that there were only three chops in the skillet. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "You sie!?"

"No, I'm going out for dinner."

Her voice bubbled like fresh coke, so Pete guessed she must have another date with Mr. Seldon. He tried to look as if he didn't give a darn. Of course he knew Mom was still young and pretty enough so she ought to be stepping out and having fun. Plenty of people had told him about that. And he didn't actually dislike Mr. Seldon. It was just that the bubbly sound in

Mom's voice always made him uneasy, and lately he'd begun to have a feeling . .

I better clean up," he muttered, and headed for the

SCRUBBING HIS big hands and running a wet comb through his stubby hair, he remembered what Grandpa had said a couple of years ago. "Pete, I may not be around much longer, and your mother needs a man to take care of her. I know you're only 14, but you'll have to try-

Pete had promised, of course, though he hadn't been quite sure then what Grandpa meant. Now he had a better idea. Grandpa had invested Dad's insurance money so that Mom would have a small income, but he hadn't been there to see what she did with his own insurance. Among other things, Mom had bought a fur coat. Then she and Pete had gone to the shore to spend two months at an expensive-looking hotel. "This," she had told him gaily, "is the kind of place where you meet really nice people!" But after 10 days of wearing her three new bathing suits and her new slacks and dresses, she had made what seemed to be an appalling discovery. "Why, there's nobody here but a lot of kids and married couples!" So they had packed all the new stuff and gone to another expensive-looking hotel. Before they were through, they had stayed at five hotels, and Pete had learned to sail a boat, play ping-pong, and dance the rhumba. He'd had the time of his life, but Mom had travelled home in a very bad humor.

To take those two months off, she'd had to guit her job. But Mom was always changing jobs. Sometimes she'd meet a Mr. Smith or a Mr. Brown, who would ask her to go to the movies, and then there would be new hats in her closet and new bottles of perfume on her dresser. But something always seemed to be wrong with Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown, and after a while he would stop coming. Looking lost and unhappy, Mom would begin to talk about how she never met any interesting people at the office, and she thought she'd have to get a new job.

At the office where she worked now, Mom had met Mr. Seldon, and so far there hadn't seemed to be anything wrong with him. Mr. Seldon was a bachelor who lived in a big apartment with a colored man to look after him, and drove a car that had made Pete's eyes pop the first time he saw it.

Frowning, Pete dried his hands and started back to the kitchen. He reached it by way of the telephone in the hall, where he dialed several numbers and talked

The kitchen was full of good smells and Mom was just putting his dinner on the table. "Going out tonight?" she asked, not even looking the way most guys' mothers did when they asked a question like that.

"Yeah." Pete forgot he was uneasy and grinned at her. Mom was swell.

"Did I hear you say Susie was sick?"

"Yeah. She ate too many banana specials—"
"Too many? Did she actually eat more than one?"

"She ate two. And now she has a stomach ache."
Pete sat down and tackled a pork chop.

"She ought to have a stomach ache," Mom said. "Don't you try that."

"Nuts," Pete said, filling his mouth. "I get a rash from strawberries, but anything else I can eat all I want."

"Don't be too sure." Mom untied her apron. "If Mr. Seldon gets here before I'm dressed, you let him in, will you?"

Her small heels clicked happily down the narrow hall, and Pete could hear her humming in the bedroom. If Mr. Seldon gets here before I'm dressed! he thought, hacking glumly at the pork chop. He'd be willing to bet that Mr. Seldon had never been early for a date in his life. That guy wasn't the kind to sit around waiting for women.

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PETE WAS rinsing his plate under the faucet when Mom reappeared. Her bright blond hair curled against the shoulders of her new print dress, and tipped over her shining eyes was a red hat Pete had never seen before. A little wave of perfume came into the kitchen with her.

Pete looked at her, and & Continued on page 29

Housekeeping in the Dark

by ADELE SAUNDERS

ROM ONE of the neat bungalows along the street, two youngsters run down the steps and off to school. Inside the house there's the clatter of dishes, the whir of a vacuum-usual sounds of a busy household. Everything suggests the normal, familiar routine, yet there is one important difference between this home and the others in the neighborhood; Mary Smith, housewife and mother of those children, is totally blind.

Five years ago Mrs. Smith (as we shall call her) lost her sight as the result of an accident. Realizing she would never see again, she experienced the same overwhelming despair that any human being would feel under the circumstances. Not only was she permanently cut off from all the delights of vision, but her important family job of caring for children and a husband, of performing the dozens of daily chores-cooking, washing, mending and cleaning-seemed absolutely impossible under this life sentence of perpetual darkness.

It was at this point that she received the help she needed most. A woman she had never heard of before-one who was also without sight-came to her from The Canadian National Institute for the Blind. This woman was one of the home teachers who make it their life work to visit newly blinded persons, and to demonstrate by example just how the afflicted can continue to live busy, useful lives and never feel condemned to sit in a corner in lonely idleness, isolated from the world.

When she paid her weekly visits to the Smith household, the home teacher had two jobs to do. First, she must show the great necessity for order in all things; for initiative and for infinite patience. Second, she must teach the husband and children how to make life as safe and as easy as possible for the blind woman. She emphasized, for example, how serious injury could be caused by moving furniture without warning; by leaving doors half open-they must be tight shut or wide open; by having toys or any objects scattered on the

floor. Each member of the family learned to share in this new responsi-

Mrs. Smith now talks freely of her experiences during this transition period when she learned to live without light. "How I was taught to substitute a highly developed sense of touch for sight may help other women who lose their sight as suddenly as I lost mine."

WITH THE assistance of her teacher she reorganized her house so she could move about with the greatest possible safety and freedom-and know exactly where to find her household equipment. She memorized the layout of her kitchen. Canisters, tinned foods were arranged according to size and contents; salt, pepper and spices were identified by clastic bands, string or tape around the containers. Later, when she learned a little Braille (the blind's printed word) all these foods would be neatly labelled. Also, until she was able to read a Braille cookbook she confined her cooking to dishes which she could make from memory. Before adding any ingredient to a recipe she tasted a little on the back of her hand-just to make doubly sure. Soon she was able to judge when meats and vegetables were cooked by testing with a fork for firmness or softness-also her kitchen clock had raised figures so she could tell the time. For cakes and puddings she used the time-honored system of sticking a straw into the centre. Control of the oven was made possible by having the thermometer marked with raised dots-two dots for 200 degrees, three dots for 300 degrees and

There was, of course, always the unexpected problem to test ingenuity—a problem such as separating the white from the yolk of an egg. To accomplish this, Mrs. Smith found it necessary to break an egg into the palm of her hand, let the white strain through and drop the yolk into a separate dish.

Her husband, fortunately, was clever at inventing gadgets which simplified * Continued on page 28

Here is the amazing factual record of a woman who prepares three meals a day for her family, runs her neat house, irons and mends - all without benefit of vision. She has learned how to be normal though blind.



AFTER ONE OF THE MOST earnest conferences of their young lives — on a survey disclosing the growing indifference of Canadian young people to religion — Chatelaine's

Teen-age Council of Halifax relaxes for the cameraman. Members are (left to right, standing) Margaret Potter, Joyce Whittier, Mary Simeon, Ruth Bezanson, Mary Hunter,

Pat Ahern and Marie Pothier and (sitting) Kathryn Murray, Estelle Martin, Evelyn Gray, Amy Coolen, Pam Ventham, and (not shown) Margaret Nichols. Against harbor mural.

Is The Church Letting Youth Down?



TOO BUSY FOR CHURCH WORK—excuse often given—is nonsense, says Joyce Whittier, at piano with Dr. H. S. Williams of Halifax Conservatory Choir.

Chatelaine takes findings of a cross-country study to Halifax Teen-age Councillors representing seven leading denominations and gets some strong answers to this disturbing national question.

by LOTTA DEMPSEY

As THE church turned into a one-day stand? Are the teachings of Jesus Christ applicable now? Can adults stop squabbling over creed and doctrine and learn to mind their own religion peaceably? Will the minister come out of his pulpit and try to understand teen-age problems when you need real help? Where are the vital and wideawake workers who should be leading our Sunday schools, Bible classes and other young people's groups?

Does the church really care about meeting us on our own ground, in our own language?

These are some of the terse questions thousands of young Canadians are asking about religion today. They want an answer. If you had been with Chatelaine on a recent find-out tour across the country—from Pacific to Atlantic—you would realize that the penalty of silence in reply to those questions will be heavy. Subversive philosophies, emotional cults, dangerous ideologies lie in wait, ready to respond to the need of all young people for some force and purpose beyond and greater than themselves.

One point emerges sharp and clear from pages of notes made at interviews with boys and girls alone





SUNDAY SCHOOLS LOSE many teen-agers according to recent survey; but when young people are asked to help with children's classes, as Estelle Martin does, they stay on.

* * *

WHEN NATURAL LEADERS of community youth do church work, others follow. Marie Pothier, runner-up as high-schoolers' "mayor," photographed with Mayor Ahern, is example.

Teen-Age Special

and in groups, believers and unbelievers, youth leaders and educationists and members of the clergy throughout Canada.

The present church—in the eyes of great numbers of 14- to 20-year-olds—is today on trial for its life.

Dr. R. C. Wallace, principal of Queen's University and chairman of the Committee on Religion for the Canadian Youth Commission, says, in summing up the Commission's report, "... For probably half of the young people of Canada outside of Quebec their church has little outward influence," and "it would appear that the phraseology of Christian doctrine is not understood by the young people of this generation." Finally, "If the contact between the church and young people is to be restablished, it can only be done through a realization that there are religious instincts and desires in our young men and women which do not find full expression through church ordinance today. To bridge the gap will not be easy."

In a recent radio address Pope Pius expressed great alarm at the weakening of the church in countries "where the true faith has flourished for generations"; adding that religious instruction was indispensable not only for young children and growing youth in higher classes, but "should hold a place of honor in college and university curricula."

Similar statements of deep concern could be quoted from the leaders of every established denomination in this country. For the growing disinterest of Canadian young people in the church is a matter of completely honest and unanimous anxiety.

WE BEGAN with the young people, completing our nation-wide study by going directly to our new Chatelaine Teen-Age Council of Halifax. It was no haphazard choice. The Canadian Youth Commission had reported that church attendance of young people (exclusive of Quebec Province) rose from 34% in the prairies and British Columbia to a high of 63% on the Atlantic coast. Thus it was to Halifax we went with our findings, for discussion and suggestions; to a region of greatest church interest among teen-agers, and to our own group of 13 keen, happy, serious-minded girls who represent seven leading religious denominations.

These Councillors had stayed with their church, and enjoyed the activities which such affiliation involved, almost entirely because of their parents' example: Ruth Bezanson's mother sang in the choir and taught Sunday school, so it was natural for Ruth to join her in both activities as soon as she was old enough. Mary Hunter's dad and mother are regular church attendants, on visiting terms with their minister. It is as normal for Mary to share this phase of

THE CHURCH-GOING FAMILY is biggest factor in holding teen-agers, according to survey. The A. M. Hunters (with Chatelaine Councillor Mary) attend morning service.



CHOIR WORK HAS big appeal to young singers like Kathryn Murray (forward) above. Young Rev. N. M. Slaughter snapped with Margaret Potter and others at Friendly Hour.





DANCING IN THE CHURCH HALL? Yes, says St. George's Greek Orthodox, and Rev. E. Athanasiou, always on hand, helps Mary Simeon choose record. Teen-agers don't force issue of dancing, though; just want friendly place for meetings.



IT'S THE GRAND HOWL — and lusty, as Councillor Pam Ventham's young Brownies of St. Mark's (Tenth) give tongue. Pat loves sports, sewing, reading, singing; plans to teach. At seventeen finds time for both Girl Guide and Sunday school work.

♦ Continued on page 36

F YOU have never had a Siamese cat, you have missed a large hunk of living. If you have never had three Siamese cats, then you have had a lot of peace and quiet I never had. Today, I am back to two male cats again, finding two males alone less trouble than the confusion that a lady cat can cause in any tomcat's brain. But before you get mixed up completely, let me go back and start all over again. I'd like to tell you how I got into the Siamese cat situation in the first place.

George Fulford, then Member of Parliament for

George Fulford, then Member of Parliament for Leeds, met me in the House of Commons cafeteria one day in 1943 and asked me if I would like a Siamese kitten. I told him I would have to consult the All Highest. Then when I had conferred with the Angel in Human Form, she said yes, so I told George, a few days later, that I'd like very much to have a Siamese

In due course, the second section of CNR No. 14 arrived in Central Station, Montreal, with my Siamese. We called him Uncle Willie, after a cantankerous kitten we had read about years ago, in a magazine.

(Not in Chatelaine. Sorry.)

Now if I am to tell this thing properly—and remember, I never wrote an animal story before in all my life—I shall have to begin with Uncle Willie. Uncle Willie gave us a bad first night, and howled his little lungs out. But after a couple of sleepless vigils he took to us, and from then on he settled down to live our life. Perhaps I am not quite right in that. As I look back on it now, we settled down to live bis life.

Let me say quickly that Uncle Willie grew up, and I now present him to you as a young Tom. He became the cynosure of many eyes and much comment. These cats are frequently taken for almost everything else except what they are. People have said to me:

"Is that a cat?"

As a matter of fact, Uncle Willie often acts so oddly that I sometimes hesitate to say yes.

Or they will say: "A Siamese cat: well, where's the other one?"

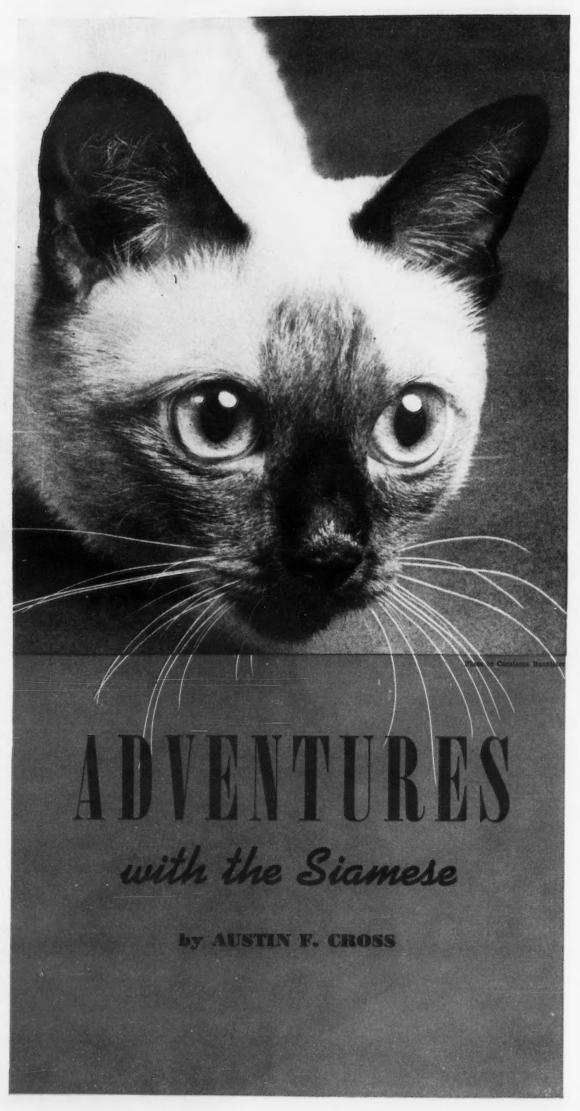
Many people think that Siamese cats, like Siamese twins, come in twos.

In appearance Uncle Willie has a brownish face, paws and tail, with a beige body. In fact, all Siamese cats have the same brownish face, paws and tail. If the creature lacks these features, then you certainly aren't dealing with the simon-pure Siamese.

Uncle Willie's dietary peculiarities have always been a matter of interest in our set. He eats kidneys or liver, but sniffs at T-bone. He doesn't care if he never sees lobster, and as for salmon, he can't keep it on his stomach. Milk he hates and won't drink. But he must be the original teetotaller, for he loves water. He drinks several saucerfuls a day. He sometimes jumps into the bathtub just to grab the drops coming from the wartime plumbing. Nothing like a change, says Uncle Willie.

Uncle Willie's meow is something. Perhaps, I should say his meows. For he has a repertoire There's the jealous meow, when, out of the front window, he sees somebody being kind to the neighbor's dog. That is what our strabismic feline can't stand. Then there's the anguished meow, which he does, all by himself, down cellar. No one knows why he goes down to the cellar to express himself in such soulsearing caterwauling, because a minute later he's back on a lady's lap kibitzing while she bids three no-trump without the aces.

UNCLE WILLIE likes the ladies. By ladies, I mean our kind, not his. Uncle Willie sees as little point sitting on a man's knee as I would sitting on my city editor's. But in his obvious discrimination in favor of



You must meet Uncle Willie and Sun Shadow and WJ — all of them with family trees well rooted in the ancient culture of Siam...all alike with their creamy pink coats and chocolate-smudged points . . . yet each an absorbing study in individualism and temperament. They're the rakish nobility of the cat world.

* * * * * * *

the gals, his love of feminine caressing, his endless craving for the twitter of admiring ladies, there, I say, is where he evinces the soul of a senator. For our Senior Statesmen, I am convinced, have, of all Canadian men, the warmest and most abiding appreciation of the lovelier sex. I leave the topic at that.

Uncle Willie has some of the characteristics of a dog. They say that, among the cat tribe, the Siamese is most like a dog in habit. In Paris, sophisticates take them on a leash. We can't even buy a cat leash down at our trading post here on the Ottawa River, and we get funny looks in the downtown stores when we try. Once we had Uncle Willie on Sparks Street to be photographed by Castonguay, and he drew a great crowd, quickly. (Willie, not Castonguay.) Unfortunately, people thought we were crazy (I, not Willie) so we hustled through the Hardy Arcade, and got back to our parked car. I tell you all this to show that at least we did try the leash routine. We have had Willie around the block too, out on Mason Terrace, but his progress is too unpredictable to suit us.

But he guards the house like a dog, and his meow warns us of strangers. No matter how late we come home at night, he's at the door to greet us. Regardless of the time of day, he's always at the door to bid us good-by. He is a custodian of small things like a newspaper, a sock, pair of step-ins. Put a briefcase down, and he lies on it, uncomfortable though it must be. But personal comfort plays second to his sense of guardianship.

Gregarious, he reverses Garbo and hates to be alone. He likes to sleep with the family, and if you let him, he'll put his feet under the covers, his head on the

pillow, and saw it off like a human.

His most entertaining stunt is displayed when he follows the course of something rolled across the floor with his eyes. Not merely his eyes follow the object in motion, for it would seem that his optical muscles lack that flexibility. Suddenly he will contort and roll his head as in the first move of a fit, and, from a new focus, view the further progress of the rolling object.

He loves women's hats, particularly the kind with veils. One night he got hold of a choice bit of millinery, and had proudly lugged it all the way from the bedroom down the front stairs before we caught him. Luckily, our guest had her back to the stair, and did not see Uncle Willie dragging her charming confection of pastel flowers and frou-frou down the steps. A fur piece he figures fair game, and will tear it to pieces. This must be sheer atavism, and some of his ancestors apparently feared all fur-bearing animals. Uncle Willie particularly could not stand those Daniel Boone hats when they were the vogue, a winter or

WELL, THAT'S Uncle Willie. At least, it was Uncle Willie, before he learned The Facts of Life. For, believe it or not, he was that rarest of creatures, a celibate tomcat.

I decided that it was wrong to go against nature, and started shopping around for a wife. I felt like one of those marriage makers of whom Pearl Buck writes trying to line up a romance without the young principals having anything to say and indeed without their knowing anything about it. To make a long story short I located a Siamese cat in Tarrytown, N.Y. That's the place which produced Lauren Bacall, and I figured that what was good enough for Humphrey Bogart was good enough for Uncle Willie.

Sun Shadow was a cantankerous female, with a Donald Duck meow. She had won great prizes in New York, and had a pedigree as long as that. But she was no loving creature, like Uncle Willie. However, we did not bring her to Ottawa so that she would like us; this

was purely a romance for Uncle Willie. In due course, as Walter Winchell would put it, Sun Shadow was "that way," and the day De Gaulle arrived in Ottawa, so did five kittens.

Siamese kittens are enchanting. They are born all white, but ultimately develop black-brown faces, paws ears. They are blue-eyed, and of course, cross-eyed. Of all wild animals, only the Siamese cats are cross-eyed by nature. This is a whimsical endowment that is accentuated when they get mad. A cross-eyed Siamese with his ears down and his fur up is quite a sight.

Our kittens soon became a cross between the Flying Bellwoods and Mexican jumping beans. If you remember the Flying Bellwoods, they were amazing acrobats who used to close the show in the old vaudeville days, and the main impression you had of them was a quick blur of many white bodies constantly passing before your eyes, high in the air. That was our five Siamese kittens, sometimes. Or again, they would leap straight into the air, like jumping beans. One moment they were standing on terra firma, the next, they rose straight up like an autogyro, or, if you will, a jumping bean.

The brown spots gradually came out on them. No one could tell them apart. We put lipstick on them, to identify them, but they licked it off. Finally, we decided to recognize them merely as males and females and let it go at that.

Their tails stood up behind them like streetcar trolleys, and to see three or more of them going the same way at the same time reminded me of Toronto streetcars leaving the Canadian National Exhibition in the old days, as they moved out in clusters.

I DON'T think we ever got more enjoyment out of our Siamese than when we had the five kittens, the papa and the mama, making seven in all. The old man, Uncle Willie, was bewildered by this turn of events, and, so far as I could detect, he was not too greatly interested in his children. As to Sun Shadow, she was very pleased with her quintuplets, and looked after them well.

I had to go down to New York to meet the Queen Elizabeth, and when I got back, of that gay little family, only one kitten survived. They had contracted gastroenteritis, and seemingly the "vets" were helpless. This taught me a great deal. For one thing, I discovered that for all their other excellences, veterinaries know little or nothing about Siamese cats.

With only one kitten left, we naturally concentrated on him. A dead ringer for the old man, we named him Willie Junior, or, as I call him for short "WJ." The ladies of our household, who outnumber me, looked up the pedigrees and so on and decided his right name should be Kong Lau. The result of this impasse is that he answers to neither name.

Now a word about WJ, who himself is more than a year old now. First of all, he has the swaggering truculence of a slightly tipsy sailor. At times his panther tread reminds me of Jack Dempsey's walk, and then, too, I recall that Dempsey one time was called the Utah Panther, or some-such.

Unlike his father, who is fussy about his diet, WJ will eat anything, and I do mean anything. That goes all the way to dead flies, and back again to our Murray Bay blankets. Wool socks are his favorite delicacy. He also managed last spring to scallop one of our blankets, which hung low to the floor about the bed. What WJ does to wool would put any nest of moths to shame.

Then there's his purring. Uncle Willie purrs almost never, and Sun Shadow purred hardly ever. But WJ hardly hits your lap till the noise begins. It reminds you of a car with its motor running. I think the most amazing trick WJ has is retrieving, dog-style. He started off with a hair curler. You can't leave a hair curler about the house, lest WJ pounces on it. He'll even climb a lap and try to pull a curler out of a lady's hair in her own boudoir should she be so careless as to let WJ sneak up on her, unbeknownst.

But it's fun to see him retrieve a curler. He brings the curler to you, and, by pantomime, expects you to throw it. Like a streak he goes after it, and brings it back again. Then you toss it again. Again it comes back. This goes on and on, till either he gets tired, or you.

or you.
So, you, dear reader, have had pass before you, in some kind of biographical panorama, the papa, Uncle Willie; the mama, Sun Shadow; and the only surviving son, Willie Junior.

There are some things they have in common. For instance, they all like to sleep in high places like jungle animals, but with their heads hung down low, over the edge, as if seeking prey. The radio is a favorite place, and not even the worst our swing bands can offer, disturbs the cats. They seem to have something in their systems which enables them to enjoy the vibrations, without the necessity of listening to the music.

Only Uncle Willie resents the telephone. He regards it as a raucous intrusion, and starts yelling as soon as it begins to ring. Sometimes, indeed, he'll keep on complaining while you are talking. The phone, he suggests, is a nuisance. Who'd argue with him?

Of their almost human characteristics, I have ample proof. I happened to remark to a friend, at our house for a meal en route from San Francisco to Rome, where he is correspondent for the London Daily Express: "Our cats talk to us." "You must have Siamese cats," he came right back.

ONE DAY we decided that we were not in the catraising business, and the easiest thing for all concerned was to get rid of the female. So we sold Sun Shadow down the river—to Toronto. A fine mother, her croaklike meows got us down. A nervous feline, she was a poor pet. On top of that we still had to segregate the cats or continue to house more and more kittens. With only two males we have peace and quiet. Well, it's a little quieter anyway.

WJ, now as big as his father, Uncle Willie, still eats more wool than a season of moths, still loves hair curlers, still will eat anything.

Uncle Willie, bull-necked, and a magnificent figure of a mature male, is reconciled to bachelor ways. But he has persevered in one habit that puzzles me. I said before that he was impatient, that he walked like a panther, and that Siamese are indeed dubbed "Panthers of the Hearth." Well, our Uncle Willie walks from the living room into the dining room, from the dining room into the kitchen, from the kitchen to the front hall, and from the front hall to the living room again. Round and round he goes, But here's the strange thing; he always goes clockwise! Never, and I do mean never, has he been known to reverse himself, and go counter-clockwise. Everlastingly, eternally, he follows the hands of the clock. Why? I wish you'd tell me.

Why? I wish you'd tell me.

I wish you'd also explain to me how it happened that a normal, happy husband and wife, who three years ago were indifferent to felines, could become, so swiftly, confirmed ailurophiles; and who would feel home incomplete without the companionship of those cross-eyed cats and their Gravel Gertie voices. If you could tell me that, you'd have the whole secret of fascination according to the Siamese.



by ALLENE CORLISS

Illustrated by Gwen Fremlin

HEY DANCED the length of the room once without speaking and then he said, "Hello, Fran..." and held her away from him and smiled at her and she said, "Hello, Dick... how was the Army?"

He said, "It was okay, but I'm glad to be home."

He drew her close again and put his cheek against her forehead and she closed her eyes, and then she opened them again quickly because you didn't dance in a public place with another girl's husband with your eyes closed.

Another girl's husband . . . funny, how after all these years, five of them, she could never get used to thinking of him as belonging to anyone but herself. Funny, because actually he had never belonged to her at all. She had been just a kid, barely 17, when he had married Virginia.

"Fran, have you heard the news? Dick Fenton's being married in June to some girl from the coast. My mother just got it straight from his mother . . her name's Virginia something-or-other and he only met her a few

Oh, no. Not Dick. Not being married. Not that. Anything but that. Not now when he had just begun to notice her. Not now when she had just begun to catch up with him. Snow scrunching under the soles of her new rubber galoshes. A freshly painted fire hydrant, a blot of brilliant scarlet farther down the street. Carol Coburn's voice going on and on, talking about the senior play now, talking about the mid-year exams, talking about the new athletic coach

"Fran," Dick had said, running into her downtown one day during Christ-

mas vacation, "you're growing up . . . you're not a brat, any more. You're, gosh, you're cute! How about going dancing with me next time I'm home?" . "Really, Dick?" she'd said, her knees trembling, her heart pushing up in her throat, "I'd like that . . ." And standing there, in that blinding December sunlight, she had known suddenly that this was the moment she had been waiting for all her life . . . this moment when Dick would look at her and really see her, really be aware of her . . . not just as Fran Bingham, the kid next door, but as a girl . . . a girl it might be fun to take dancing, a girl it might even be fun to fall in love with . . .

So it couldn't be true that he was going to be married in June to some strange girl from the coast.

But it was true.

He was married in June right after he graduated, and after a two weeks honeymoon, he had come home and brought his wife with him.

VIRGINIA FENTON was a small girl with dark hair and very bright dark eyes. Her legs were slim and nicely tanned and so were her arms and throat. She had a quick light voice and she laughed a lot, and her hands never seemed to be quite still. They were either lighting a cigarette or touching her

hair or locking and unlocking her slim crossed knees.

Dick introduced her to Fran, and Virginia said, "But you're older than I thought you would be! I mean from things Dick told me about you, I thought

you were just a kid..."

"She was just a kid," said Dick, "but all of a sudden she grew up." Then he said, looking directly at Frances, "We had a date, remember? A date to go dancing?" and she said, "Yes, but..." and Virginia laughed and said, "But you got married, instead, Dick. To me. Remember?"

Frances had thought that seeing them together like this would make it seem real, would make it seem true that Dick was actually married to Virginia and therefore forever lost to her. But it didn't. Not then or later. Dick's parents were building them a house for a wedding present, so all that summer they continued to live right next door to Frances and she saw them practically every day. She saw them and she kept waiting for the pain to stop, the ache in her heart to lessen and finally go away altogether, but instead of that both the pain and the ache grew steadily worse. (Continued on page 42)





The Lord and Gideon

Canada's West Coast a century ago was

hardly the setting for a honeymoon. But it wasn't

the wilderness, the rough sailors or the savage Haidas

that made Rachel demand a passage on the next boat home.

by ARTHUR MAYSE

Illustrated by DON ANDERSON

REAT-GRANDMOTHER POTTS gives little space in her journal to the trouble at Fort Camosun, but a spattering of ink and a vicious scratching of the paper make it plain how she felt about that unfortunate affair.

"Gideon this day attacked and rolled in mud by miner," she records in her firm and dashing hand. "As usual, turned other cheek. If I were a man!!!"

If she were a man instead of a missioner's bride, Rachel Potts would undoubtedly have risen out of the Vancouver Island mud and broken the drunken miner's jaw. She was born a Caswell of Ontario, a sober-living clan, but well-endowed with Irish spunk. But for the accident of sex she might easily have been a fiddle-footed adventurer herself, one of the swarm who boiled through Fort Camosun that summer of 1858 on their way to the new-struck placers of the Fraser River.

What commended Gideon Potts to a Caswell



A man without spunk, she thought, who lets others do his fighting for him. There's only one name for a man like that.

woman is not indicated in the portrait made of them after their Toronto wedding and just before they sailed by way of Cape Horn to serve among the heathen of the far Northwest. It shows a gaunt young man who, standing, would be something over six feet tall, his mild face solemn above its clerical collar.

The girl beside him, hand on his shoulder, is strikingly pretty with her gentian-blue eyes, wilful mouth and black curls rebellious of restraint. Her figure is slight by the standards of the day, but she is roundly, sweetly formed.

All the life of the picture is in Rachel, just as their wilderness years are pictured very much more vividly in her journal than in Gideon's dry record. Some of her entries are illegible now, scrawled in the juices of roots and berries when the ink ran out. Others are obscure. There is, for instance, the single line that follows Rachel's account of her husband's meekness.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," she wrote. The words stand out black and sharp, underscored with a stroke like the slash of a cavalry sabre.

It might be surmised that she quoted the war cry of Israel's bold captain for her own comfort, finding none in her husband—that she was disturbed by the profusion of clubs and spears in the great cedar canoe that carried them north out of Fort Camosun, and by the grim look of the tattooed paddlers whose chant surged in time to the racing stroke. It is probable that she wrote with the journal on her knees and with her husband's broad back ahead of her in the canoe, target for those resentful gentian eyes.

"She was mad, all right," Rachel's daughter told us young ones when we questioned her about that cryptic line in the journal. "So mad she could have grabbed up one of those clubs and banged your great-grandfather over the head. Her kind can stand most anything in a husband except lack of gumption."

Grandmother was cooking salaal-berry jam. The winy juice dripped off her finger tips as she turned from the stove, a tall and robust woman with Rachel's eyes young in her handsome, heat-pink face. "But scared?" she said. "Her? She went among bloody savages that'd cut a throat as soon as spit, and she had her babies with only an Indian klootch to help. But she was never scared in her whole life except once. There's just one thing can frighten a woman like your great-grandmother.

like your great-grandmother.
"I'll tell you how it was," she said, and whipped the

lid off the pot. The steam from the bubbling salaal berries filled the kitchen, fragrance of the wilderness triple-distilled, a smell so sweetly sharp and strong that it made nothing, nothing at all, of 88 years.

IT WAS the gunnery officer from Her Britannic Majesty's sloop Wolverine with two straw-hatted ratings behind him who sent the drunken miner lurching about his business. The sublicutenant gave Rachel a brisk salute, and a grin compounded of Irish impudence and frank appreciation. Then he turned smartly to Gideon, who stood looking down his nose at the mud on his trousers.

"They haven't seen a parson for donkey's years," he said, "and they've lost their respect for the cloth entirely." With distinct regret, and with his eyes on Rachel, he added, "We're sailing within the hour. Off to teach a pack of murdering Haida they can't raid in these parts. Even so, it'd be a pleasure, a pleasure, sir, to offer escort."

sir, to offer escort."
"Thank you," Rachel told him, with her voice much cooler than her cheeks. "No escort is needed."

_that Always-Fresh look ...



Lovely star, Elyse Knox, has it... skin sparkling-fresh all day long.

"For cleansing that beautifies, too... it's Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!"

Elyse Knox

featured in Monogram's Cinecolor picture "BLACK GOLD"



WOODBURY
COMPLETE
BEAUTY CREAM

Beautifles skin as it cleanses Freshens tired skin as it cleanses Brightens dull skin as it cleanses Fights tiny dry-skin lines as it cleanses

around the clock... the Woodbury-Wonderful Way!



8 A.M. Skin glows morning-fresh after a dewy "cream bath" the Woodbury-Wonderful Way. Even Baby Sharon approves mother's "Always-Fresh" beauty. As Elyse Knox says: "An early-morning face-do—with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—is magic for my skin. It beautifies as it cleanses. Try it!"



6 P. M. Luscious-looking Elyse with her adoring football-star husband, Tommy Harmon...her skin sparkling-lovely after another Woodbury-Wonderful cleansing. "Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream whisks off studio grime and make-up in a hurry...leaves my skin looking glowy!"

That "Always-Fresh Look" this Woodbury-Wonderful Way

Cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, using upward pressing strokes. Tissue off cream, loosened dirt, make-up. Smooth on more for plus-softening. Tissue off. Woodbury's four rich oils soften, smooth, beautify. Next—a brisk coldwater spanking. Now skin glows with Woodbury "Always-Fresh Look".

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Very Dry Skin: Woodbury cream-creanse. Soften with Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream—lanolin's benefits! Under makeup, Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base. Olly Skin: Use Woodbury Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Light—melts on skin. Finish with Woodbury Vanishing Facial Cream to check shine. Purifying Stericin in all Woodbury Creams helps protect against blemish-causing germs.

MADE IN CANADA



11 P.M. Woodbury time again. Another skin-glow cleansing with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. "And," says Elyse, "a thin film for overnight softening!" Woodbury's 4 fine oils smooth, beautify. Follow the Woodbury-Wonderful Way for an "Always-Fresh Look" all around the clock!





IT'S troublesome. It's common. It's catching. It's often hard to get rid of. And, for some reason, school children seem to be right in line for this type of trouble.

So, at the first sign of flakes, scales, itching, get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Better yetuse Listerine Antiseptic as a precaution every time you wash the children's hair.

Dandruff is nothing to fool with. It calls for prompt treatment . . . positive treatment . . . antiseptic treatment.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a wonderful, cooling antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with dandruff . . . including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale).

You will be amazed to see how quickly nasty flakes and scales begin to disappear. You will be delighted to find how wonderfully healthy and fresh the scalp and hair begin to look. In clinical tests, twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a Precaution

Don't wait until dandruff gets a head start. Do as countless mothers do: make Listerine Antiseptic a part of the children's regular hair-washing. Incidentally, many of them follow the same routine with their own hair.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same good Listerine Antiseptic you've known so long . . . a trustworthy first-aid in the home where germ-killing action with complete safety is a prime requirement.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd. Toronto, Ontario

At the first symptom of trouble ... QUICK!

Foreword and Footnotes



HIS is a picture of people at work -hard work, hot work. It's the first exploratory move toward a fashion photograph which, using the device of a full-length mirror, gives both back and front details of a dress with the final click of the camera. The set-ting is the Montreal studio of Arnott, Rogers & Sauer-three young men who returned to their favorite civilian occupation last year. The temperature at the moment is climbing to a sultry midsummer level, as the big lights, with total capacity of some 14 or 15 thousand watts, are tried first this way, now that. The model, Mildred Case -Canada's most photogenic and fashionwise-is done up in a slick swallowtailed peplum number that's not only filling to the eye but easy on the budget The small crouched figure at centre who gives the impression of a supporting role is actually boss of the job: Evelyn Kelly, Chatelaine's fashion editor. In the foreground, back to camera, is Jeff Rogers-skilled, patient craftsman who won't attempt to shoot till all the complex details of clothes, pose, lights and shadows are perfectly co-ordinated. This may take another 20 minutes or a whole afternoon, and any participant who complains will be marked with a lifetime stigma as a poor trouper.

For the end result of this concentrated activity, please turn to page 34.



The flowers that bloom on Chatelaine this month have been waiting almost a year to make their appearance. They were photographed at the height of the spring season, and arranged by the practiced hands of Toronto's floral stylist, Harry MacDonald, whom you see at

work, right.





Continuing world shortages have greatly affected deliveries of the type of paper this publication normally uses.

The mills are doing their best, but are unable to supply us with enough paper of uniformly high grade.

We, too, are doing our best.

Should your copy of Chatelaine contain paper not as good as usual it is because that is the only way in which the publishers can maintain full service to the largest possible number of readers.

And if for the same reason your copy is late in reaching you, we ask your indulgence.



Bread on the Table The Meal Is Ready!

It's the "finishing touch" when you put the neat slices of fine quality baker's bread on your table... the sign your meal is ready!

And your family like this goldencrusted bread Canada's bakers are making for them. It's good...light in texture, tasty, hearty. Each slice is a slice of lasting food energy—the best and cheapest source of food energy you can buy. Your baker's bread is an important source of protein, too —needed for tissue repair and muscle building.

Serve baker's bread with every meal. There are many ways to vary it. Use it just sliced, as toast, cubed in soups, as a "fill-in" with leftovers.

Remember—the meal isn't ready until the bread goes on the table!



BUY BAKER'S BREAD

Thanks to your Baker—you can easily serve the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill, his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor. Eat plenty of baker's bread—at least 3 slices every meal.



For hair that commands advation

Jewelite

All the lovely things you are to him are expressed in the shining glory of your hair.

Keep it soft and lustrous by frequent use of a Jewelite Brush. Supreme creation of the brushmaker's art, Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic have bristles of long, resilient

Prolon that reach right down to your scalp to provide healthful stimulation,

while burnishing each strand of hair to alluring, natural loveliness. Brushes,

Combs and complete Dresser Sets in Jewelite are available at good brush departments.

Look for the name Jewelite on the box. Jewelite is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic,

makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. No other name means so

much in a brush. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY (Canada) LTD., Toronto. Ont.



Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, or in diamond-clear crystal.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs for men and women are beautifully styled in Jewelite and other lovely plastics. Remember the name . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic!



JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

The Aristocrat of Plastics
Made in Canada

Should a Mother continue to Model?



B00! Frances often takes Jean and Lynn to New York's Museum of Natural History for nature study. But thanks to "model" mother care, they need no lessons in proper care of teeth and gums. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean see your dentist. Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipane and massage".



Beauty Contest winner at 14, Frances has long known how important a smile can be. Here she's shown reminding 8-year-old Jean that, "Every time you brush your teeth, you must massage your gums a little." This brief workout with Ipana speeds up needed circulation within the gums, helps safeguard her future smile.



If only parents knew as much as most children about the importance of gum massage. Not only is this taught in Canadian classrooms, but 7 in 10 Canadian dentists recommend gum massage, nationwide survey shows. So help your gums to healthier firmness with Ipana ... especially designed to be used with massage.

Winning, wholesome smiles of Jean and Lynn Rushmore provide your answer

"I was doubtful myself, at first," admits "model" mother Frances Rushmore of Jackson Heights, N. Y. "But I think you'll agree that Jean and Lynn show no signs of neglect. Look at their smiles!"

Stressing the importance of a smile as she does, this very blonde, very beautiful mother reveals her John Robert Powers training. Valuable training that Frances passes on to her two adorable daughters, who carefully follow her own prized dental routine: Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.

As the wife of Howard Rushmore, feature writer for the N. Y. Journal-American, Frances keeps abreast of the times. She knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



Raid! Smiling her approval, Mrs. Rushmore watches Jean and Lynn "drink up." Like most of us, these youngsters are also fond of the soft, creamy foods that often rob gums of exercise they may need. But their "model" mother, who attended Alabama's Montevallo College, knows that Ipana is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.



Firmer gums, brighter teeth, with Ipana and massage